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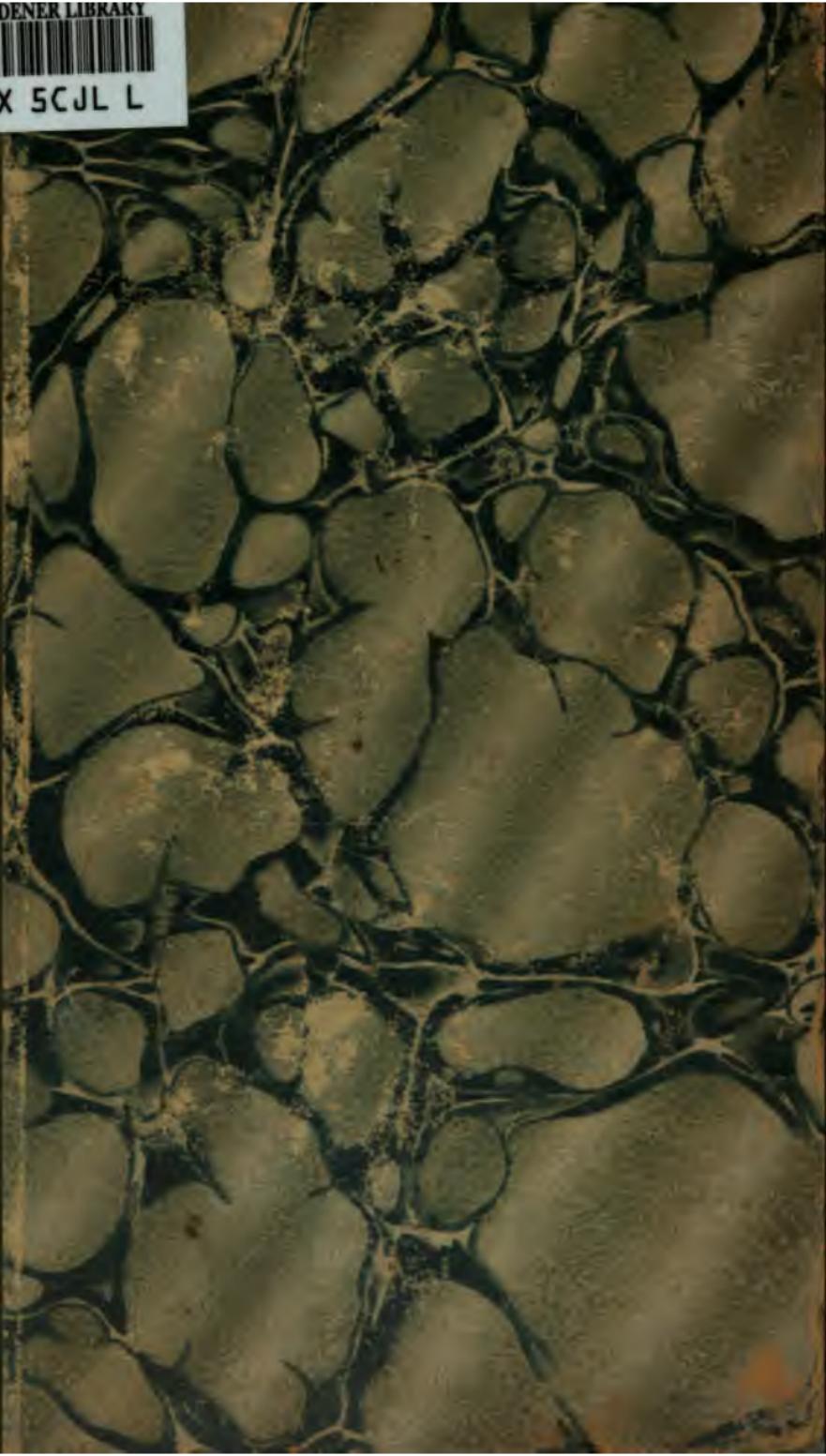
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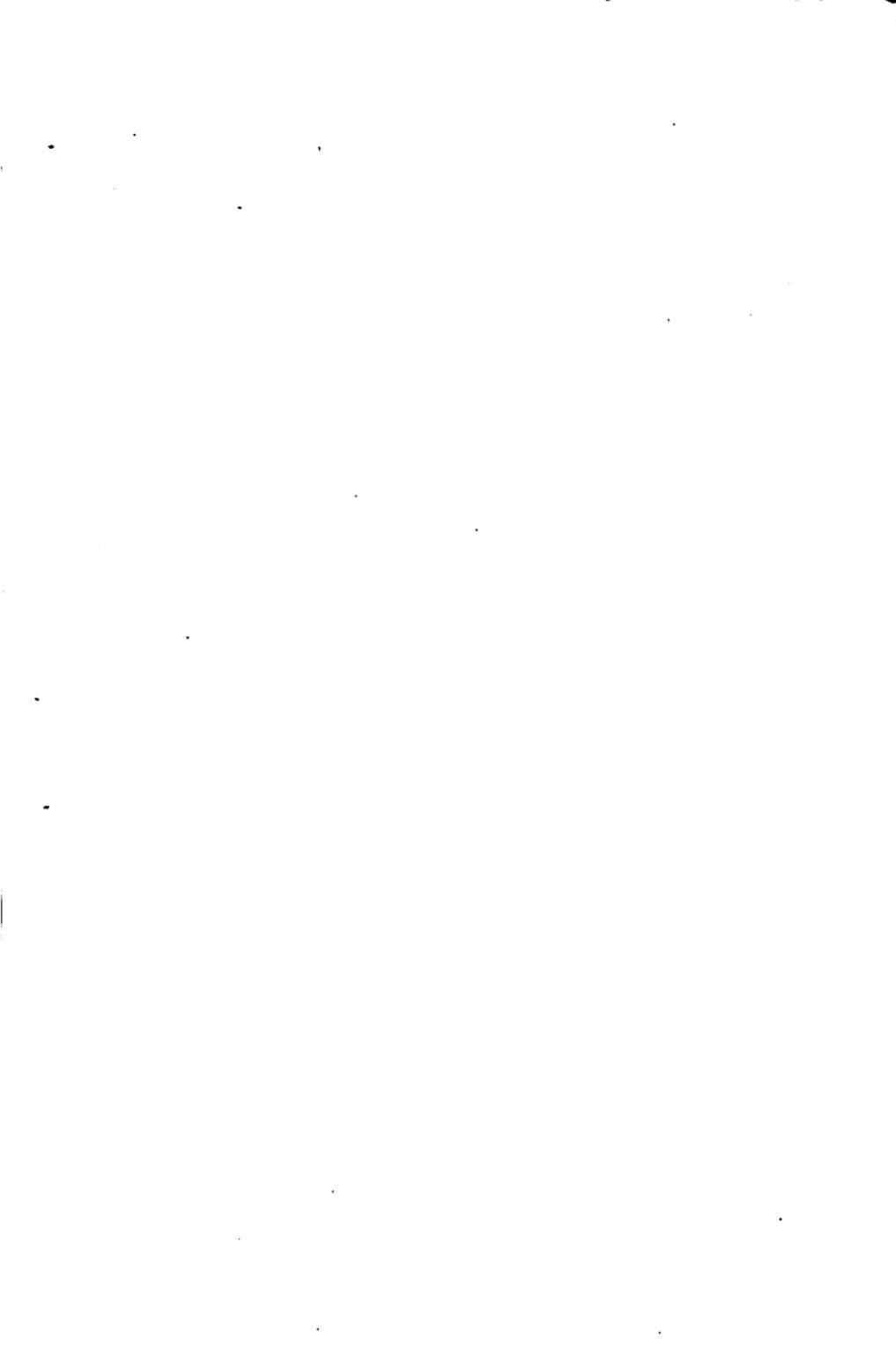
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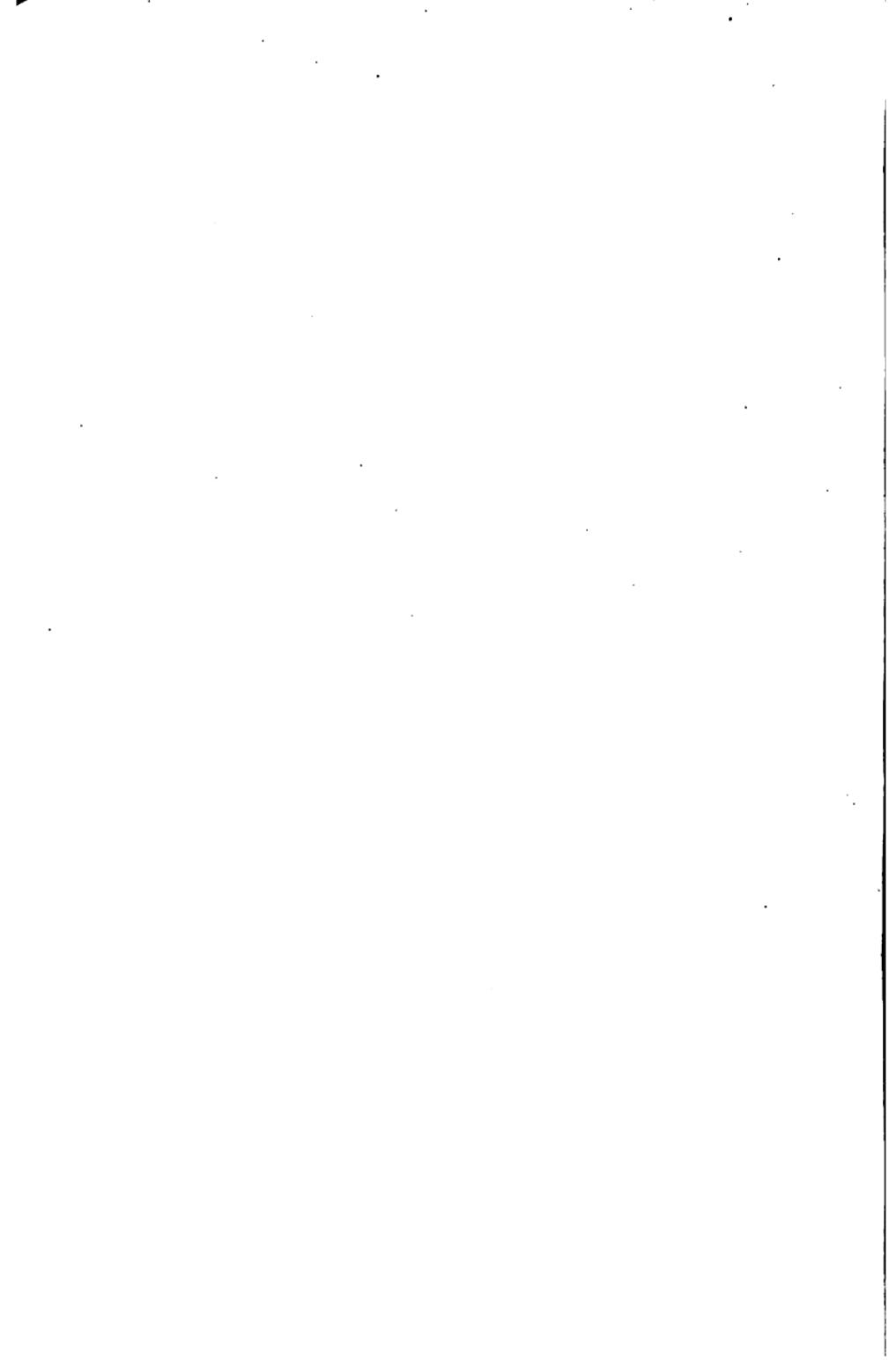
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# JEAN VALJEAN;

— OR, —

## THE SHADOW OF THE LAW.

A DRAMATIZATION

OF

VICTOR HUGO'S "LES MISERABLES."

*IN FIVE ACTS.*

— BY —

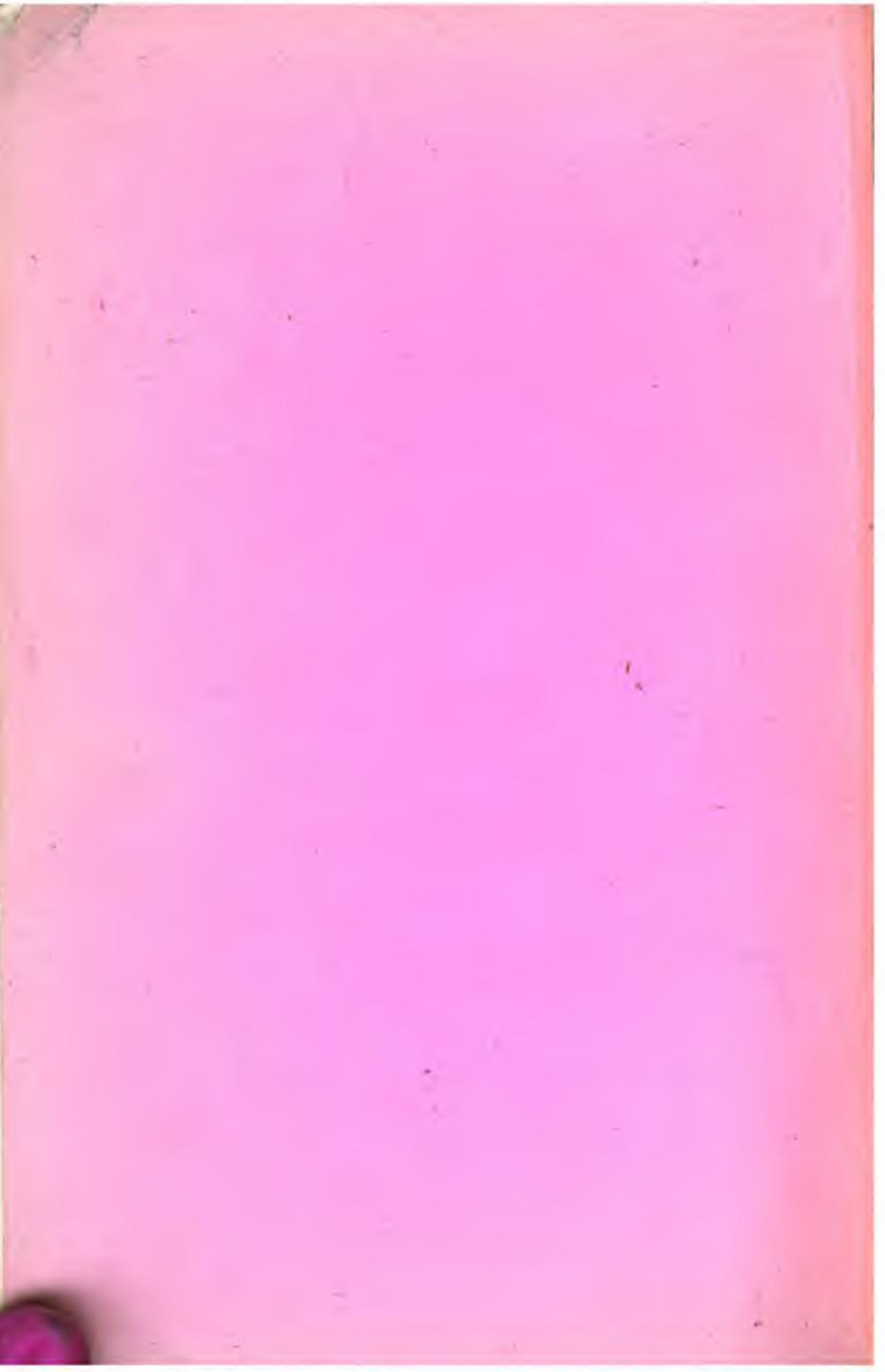
H. G. FULTON.



DAVENPORT, IOWA.

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## CHARACTERS.

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JEAN VALJEAN, a convict.

JAVERT, an inspector.

THENARDIER, a chop-house keeper.

FATHER FAUCHELEVENT, a broken-down notary.

MONSEIGNEUR BIENVENU, Bishop of D—.

GRANDFATHER GILLENOORMAND.

MARIUS PONTMERCI, his grandson.

ENJOLRAS, leader of insurgents.

PETIT GERVais, a Savoyard.

GAVROCHE, a gamin.

BABIT, a bandit.

DOCTOR.

FANTINE.

COSETTE, her daughter.

MADAME THENARDIER.

EPONINE, her daughter.

MADEMOISELLE GILLENOORMAND, daughter to Gillenormand.

MADEMOISELLE BAPTISTINE, sister to the Bishop.

MADAME MAGLOIRE, housekeeper to the Bishop.

SIMPlice, a nun.

*Nuns, Bandits, Gendarmes, Insurgents, Servants,  
Soldiers, and Wagoners.*

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SCENE—*At and near Paris.*

TIME—1816-32.

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### STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R, right of stage, facing the audience; L, left; C, center; 1 E, first entrance; U, upper; 1 G, first groove; etc.

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TIME OF REPRESENTATION, *three hours.*

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From

The Bequest of  
Evert Jansen Wendell

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# JEAN VALJEAN.

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## ACT I.

**SCENE I—Outside of THENARDIER's inn. 2 G, Sign with a man carrying an officer through smoke, with inscription, "To the Sergeant of Waterloo." MADAME THENARDIER seated on bench at door. EPONINE playing. Enter FANTINE R, with child and heavy bag.**

*Fan.* You have a pretty child, Madame.

*Mad. T.* Yes. Sit down. [FAN. sits on bench.] My name is Madame Thenardier—we keep this inn.

*Fan.* I am a poor working woman. My husband—is—dead. I can get no work in Paris, and am going to look elsewhere.

*Mad. T.* What do you call your brat?

*Fan.* Cosette.

*Mad. T.* How old is she?

*Fan.* She is going on three years.

*Mad. T.* The age of mine.

*Fan.* Will you keep my child for me? You see, I cannot take her into the country. It is God who has led me before your door. The sight of your child has overwhelmed me. I said: there is a good mother; they will be like sisters; and then it will not be long before I come back. Will you keep my child for me?

*Mad. T.* I will think of it.

*Thenardier [Inside].* How much will you pay?

*Fan.* I will give you six francs a month.

*Then.* Not less than seven francs, and six months' pay in advance. Six times seven are forty-two.

*Fan.* I will give it. I have eighty francs. That will give me enough to get into the country. I will earn money there, and will soon come for my little love.

*Then.* Has the child any wardrobe?

*Mad. T.* That is my husband.

*Fan.* Certainly she has—the dear little thing—a fine one, and everything in dozens for the darling. They are in my bag.

*Then.* You must leave it here.

*Fan.* Of course, I shall give it to you. It would be strange if I should leave my child naked.

*Then. [Entering C.] It is all right. [FAN. kisses child and hands it to MAD. T.; gives money and bag to THEN. Exit L, crying.] That will do for my note of one hundred and ten francs, which falls due to-morrow. There is money in this new brat; she can soon work, and we can get pay for keeping her. Husband! bosh! I guess I know; she won't humbug me. I want money. The clothes will do for Eponine. Come, child, and try on your new clothes.*

[*Exit MAD. T. and EPO. C, leaving door open. Enter FATHER FAUCHELEVENT and GENDARME C. WAGONERS seen at table inside.]*

*Gen. What were you saying of this new bishop — Monseigneur Bienvenu?*

*Then. That he is a strange man.*

*Fauche. What strange things has he been doing now?*

*Then. He pretends to care much for the poor, and has given up his palace to the sick, and moved himself into the little, low, narrow one-story hospital.*

*Gen. And his housekeeper, Madame Magloire, says he lives very plainly, and gives almost all he has to the poor.*

*Fauche. This is very strange for a bishop.*

*Gen. Then, he trusts every one, and neither turns lock nor slides bolt. He had better have a care, though, or he will lose what little he has, and by the hand of such as comes yonder.*

[*Enter JEAN VALJEAN L, roughly clad, with stick and knapsack. He drags his left leg a little. GEN. observes him, and exits L.]*

*Then. What will Monsieur have?*

*Jean. Something to eat and drink.*

*Then. Nothing more easy — for pay.*

*Jean [Showing purse]. I have money.*

*Then. Then I am at your service. Seat yourself here.*

*Jean [Seated]. How soon will dinner be ready?*

*Then. Directly. [Writes on paper and beckons within. Enter PETIT GERVAIS C. THEN. whispers to him, and hands paper. Exit PETIT L.]*

*Jean. I say! is it most ready? I have walked all day, and am almost famished.*

*Then. Have you walked far?*

*Jean. Yes, and through the dry dust, too, and am almost choked; so hurry.*

*Then. In a moment. [To FAUCHE.] I have heard this new bishop is about to give up riding an ass, and has accepted from the Conseil-General three thousand francs for carriage expenses.*

*Fauche. Carriage expenses! in a town of less than four*

thousand inhabitants! Avaricious like the rest, I fear. But time will tell. Give him a trial.

*Jean.* How much longer must a starving man wait for his dinner?

*Then.* In a moment. [Enter PETIT L, hands paper to THEN. and exits C.] Monsieur, I cannot receive you.

*Jean.* Why? Do you want me to pay in advance? I have money, I tell you.

*Then.* It is not that.

*Jean.* What then?

*Then.* I have no room.

*Jean.* Well, put me in the stable.

*Then.* I cannot.

*Jean.* Why?

*Then.* The horses take all the room.

*Jean.* Well, a corner in the garret; a truss of straw. We will see about that after dinner.

*Then.* I can give you no dinner.

*Jean* [Rising]. Oh, bah! but I am dying with hunger. I have walked since sunrise. I will pay, and I want something to eat.

*Then.* I have nothing.

*Jean* [Laughing]. Nothing! and all those men in there eating?

*Then.* All that is engaged.

*Jean.* By whom? There is surely enough for one more.

*Then.* The wagoners have engaged and paid for it all in advance.

*Jean* [Starting towards door]. I am at an inn; I am hungry, and I shall stay.

[Enter GEN. L.]

*Then.* Go away.. [JEAN turns.] No more of that. Shall I tell you your name? Your name is Jean Valjean. Now, shall I tell you who you are? When I first saw you I suspected something. I sent to the mayor's office, and here is the reply. Can you read? I am polite to all. Go.

*Jean.* They sent me from the other inn.

*Then.* And we turn you from this.

*Jean.* Where would you have me go?

*Then.* Somewhere else. [Exit C, with FAUCHE, taking bench. Closes door.]

*Gen.* You tried the other inn?

*Jean.* Yes. They said there was no room. I went to the prison; they said it was no inn, and told me to get arrested and they would take me. I have knocked at almost every door.

*Gen.* Have you knocked at that door? [Pointing R.]

*Jean.* No.

*Gen.* Knock there. [Exit C; JEAN exit R.]

SCENE II.—*The Bishop's dining-room. 4 G, very plain. MADMOISELLE BAPTISTINE and MADAME MAGLOIRE discovered, the latter setting table, C back. Silver plates and lamp on table.*

*Mag.* So Monseigneur has accepted the annual stipend for traveling expenses. He began with others, but he has found at last that he must end by taking care of himself. He has arranged all his charities, and so now here are three thousand francs for us.

[Enter BISHOP L, and hands paper to MAD. BAPT.]

*Bish.* I have arranged my traveling expenses. See they are carried out.

*Bapt. [Reading].* "Carriage and traveling expenses: For beef broth for the hospital, fifteen hundred livres; for the Aix Maternal Charity Association, two hundred and fifty livres; for foundlings, five hundred livres; for orphans, five hundred livres; for the Druguignom Maternal Charity Association, two hundred and fifty livres. Total, three thousand livres."

*Mag.* But, your Greatness, to think that you should not use this money for what it is intended; and, instead, should continue to ride through your diocese on an ass. I am astonished.

*Bish.* I am not surprised at your astonishment. You think it shows a good deal of pride for a poor priest to use the same conveyance which was used by his Master. I have done it from necessity, I assure you, and not from vanity. The money is not mine, but belongs to the poor. [Sits.]

*Mag.* Your Greatness will at least put bolts on the outer door. There is now talk in the town that an ill-favored runaway, a suspicious vagabond, has arrived, and is lurking about. You know the police is very bad.

*Bapt.* Brother, did you hear what Madame Magloire says?

*Bish.* I heard something of it indistinctly. [Turning.] Well! well! are we in any great danger?

*Mag.* Yes, your Greatness, for it appears this dangerous beggar is in the town. He applied to the inns, and they refused to receive him. He has a terrible-looking face.

*Bish.* Indeed!

*Mag.* Yes, Monseigneur. There will something happen in the town. Everybody says so, and I say, and Mademoiselle says, also,—

*Bapt.* Me! I say nothing. Whatever my brother says is well done.

*Mag.* I say we must have bolts, were it only for to-night, for a door which opens by a latch on the outside— [Violent knocking at door C.]

*Bish.* Come in.

[Enter JEAN C.]

*Jean.* [Loudly.] See here! My name is Jean Valjean. I am a convict. I have been for nineteen years in the galleys. Four days ago I was set free, and started for Pontarlier, which is my destination. During these four days I have walked from Toulon. To-day I have walked twelve leagues. When I reached this place, this evening, I went to an inn, and they sent me away on account of my yellow passport, which I had shown at the mayor's office. It was the same with all. They turned me away from the prison. I crept into a dog-kennel. The dog bit me, and drove me away, as though he had been a man. I went to another inn; they said "Get out." A man spoke to me, and said, "Knock there." I have knocked. What is this place? Are you an inn? I have money, my savings, one hundred and nine francs and fifteen sous, which I have earned in the galleys by my work for nineteen years. I will pay. What do I care? I have money. I am tired, and so hungry. Can I stay?

*Bish.* Madame Magloire, put on another plate.

*Jean* [Coming forward]. Stop! not that. Did you understand me? I am a galley slave—a convict. I am just from the galleys. [Shows paper.] There is my passport—yellow, as you see. That is enough to have me kicked out wherever I go. Will you read it? There is what they have put in the passport: [Reading.] "Jean Valjean, a liberated convict. Has been nineteen years in the galleys: five years for burglary, fourteen years for having attempted four times to escape. This man is very dangerous." There you have it. Will you receive me? Can you give me something to eat? A place to sleep? Have you a stable?

*Bish.* Madame Magloire, put some sheets on the bed in the alcove. [Exit MAG. L.] Monsieur, sit down; we will take supper presently, and your bed will be made ready while we sup.

*Jean.* True! What? Will you keep me? You don't drive me away? Me, a convict! You call me Monsieur, and don't say, "Get out, you dog!" Oh, I shall have a supper; a bed like other people, with mattress and sheets. A bed! It is nineteen years that I have not slept on a bed. I beg your pardon, Monsieur Inn-keeper, what is your name? I will pay all you say. You are an inn-keeper, are you not?

*Bish.* I am a priest, who lives here.

*Jean.* A priest. Then you don't ask for money. You are a curé, ain't you? Yes, that is it. How stupid I am. I didn't notice your cap. [Places stick, etc., R of door C.] You are humane, Monsieur Curé. You don't despise me. Then you don't want me to pay you?

*Bish.* No; keep your money. How much have you?

*Jean.* A hundred and nine francs and fifteen sous.

[Enter MAG. *L*, places plates. All sit, and after silent grace, eat.]

*Bish.* You said a hundred and nine francs, I think?

*Jean.* And fifteen sous.

*Bish.* And how long did it take you to earn that?

*Jean.* Nineteen years.

*Bish.* One hundred and nine francs and fifteen sous in nineteen years. The lamp gives a very poor light.

[MAG. lights two candles in silver candle-sticks and places them on table; done very deliberately.]

*Jean.* Monsieur Curé, you are good, and don't despise me. You take me into your house, light your candles for me, and I haven't hid from you where I came from, and how miserable I am.

*Bish.* You need not tell me who you are. This is not my house; it is the house of my Master. You are suffering; you are hungry and thirsty. Be welcome, and do not thank me. Do not tell me that I take you into my house. I tell you, who are a traveler, that you are more at home here than I; whatever is here is yours. What need have I to know your name? Besides, before you told me I knew it.

*Jean.* Really! You knew my name?

*Bish.* Yes. Your name is-- my brother.

*Jean.* Stop! stop, Monsieur Curé. I was famished when I came in, but you are so kind that now I don't know what I am; that is all gone.

*Bish.* You have seen much suffering?

*Jean* [Rising]. Oh! the red blouse. The ball and chain. The plank to sleep on. The heat, the cold, the galley's crew, the lash, the double-chain for nothing, and the dungeon for a word; even when sick in bed, the chain. The dogs are happier. Nineteen years—and I am forty-six—and now a yellow passport. That is all. [All rise.]

*Bish.* Yes, you have left a place of suffering. But listen: there will be more joy in Heaven over the tears of a repentant sinner than over the white robes of a hundred good men. If you are leaving that sorrowful place with hate and anger against any man, you are worthy of compassion; if you leave it with good will, gentleness, and peace, you are better than any of us.

*Jean.* Monsieur Curé, all this is too good for me; but I fear you are poor. Perhaps you are not a curé, even. Ah! if God is just you will deserve to be a curé.

*Bish.* God is more than just. [MAG. puts plates in basket and places in cupboard *R*; BISHOP takes lamp.] Monsieur, I will show you to your room. [Exit *L* upper *E* with JEAN.]

*Mag.* Did you ever —

*Bapt.* My brother does only what is right.

[Enter BISHOP L.]

*Bish.* I have heard this man's name, and remember his story. He was a pruner, and took care of his sister and her seven orphan children. One severe winter he had no work; the family had no bread — literally no bread — and seven children. One Sunday night the children were crying for food. Jean Valjean went into the street. There was bread in a baker's window; one blow, and the glass was broken. He seized a loaf, was caught, convicted of burglary, and sentenced to five years. He has told you the rest. May Heaven bless him. Good-night.

[Exit R.]

*Mag.* Dear me! I shall not sleep this night.

[Blows out candles; stage dark. Exeunt MAG. and BAPT. L 1st. Pause. Enter JEAN L upper, with shoes in pockets. He takes iron bar from haversack, looks out C, touches door R; it opens, and he looks in.]

*Jean.* He is soundly sleeping.

[Takes off cap and hesitates, with hand on forehead; turns suddenly, thrusts on cap, and goes to cupboard R; thrusts bar at lock, which opens at the touch; takes basket of silver, places silver in haversack, and throws basket on floor. Exit C. Enter MAG. L, with candle; lights up.]

*Mag.* Dear me, what could that noise have been? [Goes to cupboard.] Monseigneur! Monseigneur! [Enter BISHOP R.] Does your Greatness know where the basket is?

*Bish.* Yes.

*Mag.* God be praised.

*Bish.* [Picking up basket.] Here it is.

*Mag.* Yes, but there is nothing in it. The silver?

*Bish.* Ah! it is the silver that troubles you. I don't know where that is.

*Mag.* It is stolen! That man who came stole it!

*Bish.* Now, first, did this silver belong to us? Madame Magloire, I have for a long time wrongfully withheld this silver; it belongs to the poor. Who was this man? A poor man, evidently. [Knock at door C.] Come in. [Enter GENDARMES with JEAN.]

*Gen.* Monseigneur —

*Jean* [Starting]. Monseigneur! Then it is not the curé?

*Gen.* Silence! it is Monseigneur the bishop.

*Bish.* Ah, there you are! I am glad to see you. But I gave you the candlesticks also, which are silver like the rest. Why did you not take them along with you?

*Gen.* Monseigneur, then what this man said was true? We met him; he was going like a man running away. We arrested him, and found this silver.

*Bish.* And he told you that it had been given him by a good old priest. I see it all. It is all a mistake.

*Gen.* If that is so, we can let him go.

*Bish.* Certainly. [JEAN released.]

*Jean.* Is it true, that they let me go?

*Gen.* Yes, you can go; do you not understand? [Exit GEN-DARMES C.]

*Bish.* My friend, before you go away, here are your candlesticks; take them. Now, go in peace. Forget not -- never forget -- that you have promised me to use this silver to become an honest man. Jean Valjean, my brother, you belong no longer to evil, but to good. It is your soul that I am buying for you. I withdraw it from dark thoughts and from the spirit of perdition, and give it to God!

[Closed in.]

SCENE III.—Woods, 1 G. Enter JEAN R, and sits on stone L. Enter PETIT GERVAIS R, singing, and tossing up a coin, which falls near JEAN, who places his foot on it.

*Petit.* Monsieur, my piece.

*Jean.* What is your name?

*Petit.* Petit Gervais, Monsieur.

*Jean.* Get out!

*Petit.* Monsieur, give me my piece — my silver. [Shaking JEAN.] I want my piece. [Crying.]

*Jean.* Who is there?

*Petit.* Me, Monsieur — Petit Gervais — me — me. Take away your foot, Monsieur, if you please. Come now, will you take away your foot?

*Jean.* Ah! you here yet? [Rising.] You'd better take care of yourself! [Exit PETIT R, frightened. JEAN steps from coin.] What is that? [Looks at coin, seizes it, and looks about and calls.] Oh, Petit Gervais! Petit Gervais! [Enter FAUCHELEVENT R.] Monsieur, have you seen a child go by?

*Fauche.* No.

*Jean* [Excitedly]. Petit Gervais was his name.

*Fauche.* I have seen nobody.

*Jean.* Monsieur, here [Hands money], give this to the good bishop for his poor. He was a little fellow, about ten years old.

*Fauche.* I have not seen him.

*Jean.* Petit Gervais! Is his village near here? Oh, Monsieur, I am a robber! — have me arrested. [Exit FAUCHE L, frightened.] Petit Gervais! Petit Gervais! What have I done? [Exit R.]

CURTAIN.

[Five years elapse before next Act.]

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Hall of Bureau of Police at M— sur M—, 2 G. JAVERT and GENDARMES discovered.*

*Jav.* Who is this Father Madeleine—this new mayor I have heard so much of since my arrival?

*Gen.* Nothing is known of him before he came here, some five years ago.

*Jav.* Perhaps not—perhaps yes. It does no harm to watch him. I have a good memory for faces.

*Gen.* He came here, poorly clad, with a knapsack and stick, and a very little money. He went into the manufacture of imitation English jets and German black glass trinkets, and has made a fortune. He discovered how to use gum-lack instead of resin, and cheapened the cost. Now he has built a great factory, and gives a great deal in charity.

*Jav.* Yes.

*Gen.* Twice he was appointed mayor, and declined; at last, on the third offer, the people were so clamorous, he accepted. [Enter FAUCHE. C.] Here is a man who can tell you more of him.

*Fauche.* Of whom?

*Jav.* Of Monsieur the mayor.

*Fauche.* Indeed can I! I thought illy enough of him at first, and supposed him to be ambitious until he refused honors. But he saved my life, and I know him to be all that is good.

*Jav.* How did he save your life?

*Fauche.* You know my cart?

*Jav.* Yes.

*Fauche.* Well, I fell under my cart; it sank in the mud, and was crushing me. The people stood by and looked on. They asked for a jack to raise it, but there was no time. Monsieur Madeleine came along and offered five louis d'ors—ten louis—twenty louis—to he who would save my life; but no one moved. Then he, Monsieur Madeleine himself, got on his knees, crept under the cart, pressed his strong back against it, and, with a mighty effort, raised it from me. My life is saved, and the only harm is a stiff leg.

*Jav.* He raised this cart on his back?

*Fauche.* Yes.

*Jav.* I must see him. [Exit C.]

*Gen.* Inspector Javert is suspicious of every one. Since his appointment here, he seems to have had an eye on Monsieur Madeleine, and when he speaks of him, shakes his head. I heard him say to himself this morning: "What! he a mayor?"

*Fauche.* I care not what Javert says; he saved my life. When my cart was broken and horse dead, he bought them from me, and gave more than they were ever worth; and not only that, he has gotten me a place as gardener at a convent in Paris, and I go there this very day.

*Gen.* For whom is Monsieur the mayor in mourning?

*Fauche.* He put on mourning the day we heard of the death of Monseigneur Bienvenu, the good bishop.

[Enter JAVERT C, dragging FANTINE.]

*Jav.* [To GEN.] Take three men, and carry this woman to jail. You are in for six months.

[Enter JEAN C, in mourning; stands back.]

*Fan.* Six months! Six months in prison! Six months to earn seven sous a day! But what will become of my Cosette — my daughter? Why, I shall owe more than a hundred francs to this Thenardier. Monsieur Inspector, do you know that? [On her knees.] Monsieur Javert, I beg your pity! I assure you I was not in the wrong. If you had seen the beginning, you would have seen. I swear to you, by the good God, that I was not in the wrong. That gentleman, whom I do not know, threw snow in my back. Have they a right to throw snow into our backs when we are going along quietly without doing harm to anybody? That made me wild. He had been saying things to me for some time: "You are homely; you have no teeth." I know well I have lost my teeth — I sold them to send money to my child; and my hair, too. I did not speak to him. Then he threw snow. I did wrong to get angry; but we are excitable. I will beg his pardon. Have pity on me this once. Just think: I have a hundred francs to pay, or else they will turn away my little one. Oh, my God! I cannot have her with me — what I do is so vile! Oh, my Cosette! What will she become? Poor, famished child! I tell you the Thenardiers are inn-keepers — boors; they have no consideration; they must have money. Do not put me in prison. Do you see? she is a little one that they will put out in the highway, to do what she can, in the very heart of winter. You must feel pity for such a thing, good Monsieur Javert. I am not a bad woman at heart. Have pity on me, Monsieur Javert!

*Jav.* Come, haven't you got through? March off, at once! You have your six months. The Eternal Father in person could do nothing for you.

*Fan.* Mercy! [GEN. seizes her.]

*Jean* [Coming forward]. One moment, if you please.

*Jav.* [Bowing.] Pardon, Monsieur Mayor.

*Fan.* [Rising.] Ah! it is you, then, who are Monsieur Mayor. [Laughs, and spits in JEAN'S face.]

*Jean* [Wiping face]. Set this woman at liberty.

*Fan.* At liberty! They let me go? Who was it said that? That cannot be this monster of a mayor. Was it you, my good Monsieur Javert?

*Jean.* How much did you say that you owed?

*Fan.* Who said anything to you? Oh, did you see how I spit in his face? Oh, you old scoundrel of a mayor! you came here to frighten me, but I am not afraid of you. [Goes to door C.]

*Jav.* Don't you see this vagabond is going off? Who told you to let her go?

*Jean.* I. [FAN. turns, surprised.]

*Jav.* Monsieur Mayor, that cannot be done.

*Jean.* Why?

*Jav.* This wretched woman has insulted a citizen.

*Jean.* Inspector Javert, I have learned the circumstances. It is the citizen who was in the wrong, and who, by a faithful police, would have been arrested.

*Jav.* This wretch has just insulted Monsieur the mayor. [FAN. faints in FAUCHE.'s arms.]

*Jean.* That concerns me. I do what I please about it.

*Jav.* I beg Monsieur the mayor's pardon; but my duty requires that this woman spend six months in prison.

*Jean.* By the law, I am the judge of it. I order that this woman be set at liberty. Take her to my house; she needs care. [Exit FAUCHE. and GEN. with FAN. C.]

*Jav.* But, Monsieur Mayor —

*Jean.* I refer you to the law.

*Jav.* Monsieur Mayor, permit —

*Jean.* Not another word.

*Jav.* On another subject, then.

*Jean.* Well, what?

*Jav.* Father Fauchelevent says you saved his life.

*Jean.* What then?

*Jav.* He says you raised his heavy cart on your back.

*Jean.* What then?

*Jav.* I have known but one man capable of doing that.

*Jean.* Indeed!

*Jav.* He was a convict.

*Jean.* Ah!

*Jav.* In the galleys at Toulon. I saw him there.

*Jean.* You did?

*Jav.* Yes, and he is a man to be remembered.

*Jean.* Anything more? [Starting.]

*Jav.* No, Monsieur Mayor. [Exeunt JEAN C; JAV. R, watching.]

SCENE II.—*Apartment in Mayor's house, 4 G. Bed, C back. Cupboard, L. FAN. in bed; SIMPLICE near. Enter JEAN R.*

*Fan.* Who is that? Is it my Cosette? Shall I see her soon?

*Jean.* Perhaps to-morrow. I have sent, and expect her.

*Fan.* How happy I shall be.

*Jean* [To SIMP.] How is she?

*Simp.* Much worse. The doctor says it is her lungs. She must have the child.

*Jean.* I will send somebody for the child. If necessary, I will go myself.

*Fan.* Oh, do, quick. Write an order. [JEAN writes.] Say: "Monsieur Thenardier, you will deliver Cosette to the bearer. He will settle all small bills. I have the honor to salute you with consideration." Let me sign it. [FAN. signs. Knock L.]

*Jean.* Come in. [Enter JAV. L.] What is it?

*Jav.* There has been a criminal act committed, Monsieur Mayor.

*Jean.* What act?

*Jav.* An inferior agent has been wanting in respect to a magistrate. I come, as is my duty, to bring the fact to your knowledge.

*Jean.* Who is the agent?

*Jav.* I.

*Jean.* And who is the magistrate who has to complain of this agent?

*Jav.* You, Monsieur Mayor. I come to ask you to be so kind as to make charges, and procure my dismissal.

*Simp.* She now sleeps. I will return before she wakes. [Exit L.]

*Jav.* Monsieur Mayor, you were severe to me the other day unjustly. Be justly so to-day. I should be dismissed.

*Jean.* Indeed, why? What is this nonsense? How have you wronged me? You accuse yourself; do you wish to be re-tired?

*Jav.* Dismissed.

*Jean.* Dismissed, then. I do not understand you.

*Jav.* After that scene about the girl, I denounced you.

*Jean.* Denounced me!

*Jav.* To the prefecture of police, in Paris.

*Jean.* As a mayor, having encroached upon the police?

*Jav.* As a former convict. [JEAN starts.] I believed it. For a long time I had been suspicious. A resemblance, your immense strength, the affair of old Fauchelevent, your leg, which drags a little, and, in fact, I don't know what stupidities. But at last I took you for a man named Jean Valjean.

*Jean.* Named what?

*Jav.* Jean Valjean. He was a convict I saw twenty years ago. After leaving the galleys he robbed a bishop, and then committed a robbery, with weapons in his hand, in a highway, on a little boy. For years his whereabouts have not been known. Anger determined me, and I denounced you.

*Jean.* What answer did you get?

*Jav.* That I was crazy.

*Jean.* Well?

*Jav.* Well, they were right, for the real Jean Valjean has been found.

*Jean.* Ah!

*Jav.* I will tell you how it is. There has been arrested a man called Father Champmathieu, for stealing apples. It turns out he is Jean Valjean. He denies it, and says he never heard of such a person; but the resemblance is too strong. The other convicts recognize him. I have seen him, and recognize him.

*Jean.* Are you sure?

*Jav.* Sure.

*Jean.* And what has the man to say?

*Jav.* Denies; but the affair is a bad one. The act, for a man, is a misdemeanor; for a convict, a crime — the galleys for life.

*Jean.* When will he be tried?

*Jav.* At once.

*Jean.* That is all.

*Jav.* Your pardon, Monsieur.

*Jean.* What is it?

*Jav.* It is that I ought to be dismissed.

*Jean.* You exaggerate your fault. Keep your place.

*Jav.* Monsieur, I cannot agree to that. I have committed an offense against authority, and I ask the dismissal of Inspector Javert.

*Jean.* We will see. [*Holds out hand.*]

*Jav.* Pardon, Monsieur; a mayor does not give his hand to a spy. I will continue in the service until I am relieved. [*Exit L.*]

*Jean.* Where am I? Am I not in a dream? What have I heard? Who can this Champmathieu be? He resembles me, then. What is there in this matter? How will it turn out? What is to be done? Is my work of years for nothing? Must I again sink into the convict? Stop! what am I afraid of? Why do I ponder over these things? I am now safe. There was but a single half-open door through which the past could make an irruption into my life. Javert, who has troubled me so long, and who has divined the truth, is off the track — absolutely baffled. Come; let me think of it no more. My place in the galleys will be filled by another. It is God's decree. The resolution formed, my object is attained. But what object? To conceal my name? To deceive the police? Had I no other

object? Was it to save my body or my soul? To be an upright man, was it not, that the bishop enjoined upon me? What am I doing, but becoming a robber again? If I rest secure, then I rob this Champmathien of his existence, his life, his peace, his place in the world. I become a murderer. I inflict upon him that frightful life in death — that living burial. Must I, from duty, again become Jean Valjean, the convict? Must it be? I now feel the good bishop is looking upon me. I must do my duty. I will save this man. [Writes. Takes papers from drawer and puts them in his pocket.] Yes, the decree is, go, avow thy name, denounce thyself. [Looks at FAN.] Stop! this poor woman. This man is released; I go to the galleys. What becomes of this woman? of the child? The factory stops; the poor suffer. This man goes to the galleys; he has stolen. I make people happy. I help the poor. This poor woman brings up her child, and the whole country is rich and honest. Yes; how foolish I was to think of denouncing myself. My choice is made. Woe to him who is Jean Valjean. He and I are no longer the same. I must destroy all evidences of my former self. [Takes candlesticks from cupboard.] What! did some one call my name? Did some one ask what I am about to do? Did I hear the bishop's voice, saying: "Jean Valjean, my brother, you belong no longer to evil, but to good?" Is this good, to send this man to take the vacant place in the galleys which belongs to me? I robbed the bishop. I robbed the child. Shall I now rob him? No! [Places candles back.] I will denounce myself. [Exit L.]

Fan. O, where is Cosette?

[Enter SIMP. L.]

Simp. Where can Monsieur be going in such a hurry. Yes, your child will come.

Fan. Why is she not here?

Simp. Monsieur wrote. Thenardier sent a bill for three thousand francs.

Fan. What then?

Simp. He paid it, and then came one for five hundred. He sent that, and wrote: "Make haste to bring Cosette."

Fan. Won't they bring her now? O, I am so weak. It seems I cannot wait.

Simp. They have written for more money, and it has been sent.

Fan. But Cosette! Cosette! my Cosette! Think how old she is now; quite a young lady. Five years since I have seen her.

Simp. You shall have her. Monsieur will go himself and get her.

Fan. Where is he?

*Simp.* Gone.

*Fan.* Then he has gone for Cosette. [Sits up.] Oh! [Falls back.]

*Simp.* Alas! she will see her child only in heaven. [Kneels at bed.]

[Enter JEAN, hastily, L; hair white.]

*Jean.* How is she?

*Simp.* Dead. We all have one mother — the earth. Fantine is restored to this mother.

*Jean.* God's will be done. [Noise L.] Sister, I am pursued. [Goes behind cupboard-door, in view of audience.]

[Enter JAV. L; hesitates on seeing SIMP.; takes off hat.]

*Jav.* [Reading.] "Inspector Javert will seize the body of Sieur Madeleine, who has this day been identified in court as the discharged convict, Jean Valjean." Sister, are you alone in this room?

*Simp.* [Struggling with emotions.] Yes.

*Jav.* You have not seen, within an hour, a person — a man — we are in search of? His hair was dark this morning; it is white now — Jean Valjean; you have not seen him?

*Simp.* No.

[Exit JAV. L. JEAN kneels at bed beside SIMP.]

CURTAIN.

[Eight months elapse before next Act.]

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### ACT III.

SCENE I.—Woods, 1 G; dark. Enter COSETTE L, poorly dressed, and carrying bucket. JEAN follows in plain clothes, yellow coat, and bundle.

*Jean.* My child, this is a dark night for you to be in the woods.

*Cos.* [Setting down bucket.] Yes, Monsieur.

*Jean.* I will carry it for you. How old are you?

*Cos.* Eight years, Monsieur.

*Jean.* And have you come far in this way?

*Cos.* From the spring in the woods.

*Jean.* And are you going far?

*Cos.* A good quarter of an hour from here.

*Jean.* Have you no mother, then?

*Cos.* I don't know; I don't believe I have. All the rest have one. I believe I never had any.

*Jean.* What is your name?

*Cos.* Cosette.

*Jean.* Where do you live?

*Cos.* At Montfermeil.

*Jean.* Who has sent you out into the woods after water this time of night?

*Cos.* Madame Thenardier.

*Jean.* What does she do?

*Cos.* She is my mistress. She keeps a tavern.

*Jean.* I am going there. Is there no servant at Madame Thenardier's?

*Cos.* No, Monsieur.

*Jean.* Are you alone?

*Cos.* Yes, Monsieur. She has a little girl — 'Ponine.

*Jean.* Who is 'Ponine?

*Cos.* Madame Thenardier's young lady.

*Jean.* What does she do?

*Cos.* Play and amuse herself.

*Jean.* All day long?

*Cos.* Yes.

*Jean.* And you?

*Cos.* Me? I work.

*Jean.* All day long?

*Cos.* Yes, Monsieur.

*Jean.* [Taking bucket.] Show me the way.

*Cos.* Monsieur, when we get near, give me the bucket.

*Jean.* What for?

*Cos.* Because, if Madame sees that anybody brought it for me, she will beat me. [Exit R.]

SCENE II.—Inside THENARDIER'S *chop-house*, 3 G. Tables, R and L. THENARDIER, MADAME THENARDIER, and BABIT discovered — the two men at table L.

*Then.* Yes, I was a sergeant at the battle of Waterloo, and I saved the life of Colonel Pontmercy.

*Bab.* You did?

*Then.* Yes, I did. I carried him off the field in my arms.

*Bab.* Bosh! Don't tell me. I know how you saved his life. You made him think you saved his life; but I know better.

*Then.* What do you mean, Monsieur Babit?

*Bab.* I mean, you thought he was dead, and robbed him; and when he proved to be living, he thanked you for caring for him.

*Then.* Well, I will let you know —

*Mad. T.* What is the use of you two quarreling? What if you did rob him? I would like to know what keeps Cosette.

*Then.* The brat is lazy.

*Mad. T.* She needs a beating, and will get it.

*Then.* [To BAB.] What about the hidden treasure? Have you given up digging for it? I believe there never was any there.

*Bab.* Yes, there was. It was some months ago, when I was working on the road, and saw a man with a spade, a bundle, and a small box, go into the woods. I followed, but lost sight of him. He came out, and had no box. I saw his face, and had seen it before — where do you think? In the galleys, when I was there. It was after Jean Valjean was discovered, and just before he was arrested and sent again to Toulon for life. It was Jean Valjean.

*Then.* There is one thing certain, he will never come back. He is drowned.

*Bab.* He is not.

*Then.* But I say he is. See, here is the Toulon *Journal* of the 17th. [Reads.] "Yesterday a convict at work on board the Orion, on his return from rescuing a sailor, fell into the sea, and was drowned. His name was Jean Valjean." There.

*Bab.* I don't care. They didn't find his body, did they?

*Then.* No.

*Bab.* Because he wasn't drowned.

*Then.* How do you know?

*Bab.* I know the man and his ways. He would never drown from falling into the water. Besides, he has this very day been in the woods, within three miles of here.

*Then.* How do you know that?

*Bab.* Because, this very evening, I saw at the foot of a tree, near a stone, a hole just the size and shape of the box he had six months ago. The earth was freshly turned, and the hole was empty. I know what I say. The treasure is gone. And so am I going. Good evening, Sergeant Thenardier, who saved the life of Colonel Pontmercy. Ha! Ha! [Exit L.]

*Then.* Curse him, he knows too much. I wish he would keep his mouth shut. Where is the lark, Cosette?

*Mad. T.* That lark is a lazy bird. I will make her hurry when I catch her. [Takes whip from table. Enter Cos., followed by JEAN, L.] Oh! it is you, you little beggar!

*Cos.* Madame, here is a gentleman who has come to lodge.

*Mad. T.* Is it, Monsieur?

[Cos. goes under table L, and knits on a stocking. JEAN takes off hat, and lays it with bundle on table L.]

*Jean.* Yes, Madame.

*Mad. T.* [Aside.] Too polite for a rich man. [To JEAN.] I am very sorry, but I have no room.

*Jean.* Put me where you will — in the garret or stable. I will pay as if I had a room.

*Mad. T.* Forty sous.

[Enter EPONINE R, with doll; plays on floor. Cos. watches her.]

*Jean.* Forty sous? Well. Give me some supper.

*Mad. T.* In advance. There is supper on the table. [JEAN sits at table R, and eats.] Cosette! that is the way you work. I'll make you work with a cow-hide, I will.

*Jean.* Pshaw! let her play.

*Mad. T.* She must work, for she eats.

*Jean.* What is she making?

*Mad. T.* Stockings for my little girl.

*Jean.* How much might this pair of stockings be worth when finished?

*Mad. T.* Thirty sous.

*Jean.* Would you take five francs for them?

*Then.* Yes, Monsieur, if it is your fancy.

*Mad. T.* You must pay for them now.

*Jean.* I will buy them, and pay for them. [Lays money on table.] Now your work belongs to me; play, my child.

*Cos.* Madame, is it true, can I play?

*Mad. T.* Yes, play!

*Cos.* Thank you, Madame. [Makes doll of stockings, and plays.]

*Mad. T.* I am willing the child should play, but she is poor, and must work.

[Exit EPON. R, leaving doll. Cos. plays with it.]

*Jean.* The child is not yours, then?

*Mad. T.* Dear, no, Monsieur! It is a little pauper we have taken in through charity.

[Enter EPON. R.]

*Epon.* [Pointing to Cos.] Mother, look there.

*Mad. T.* Cosette!

*Jean.* What is the matter?

*Mad. T.* Don't you see? That beggar has dared to touch my child's doll. [Cos. sobs.] Be still! [Exit JEAN L.] Where has he gone now? Who can this yellow man be?

*Then.* I have seen millionaires with coats like that.

*Mad. T.* True. These rich men are very odd, and perhaps it is Monsieur Lafette, the banker.

*Then.* Be careful what you say. He seems to have money. I owe money, and must have it. There is no more in this brat, and we will turn her into the street to-morrow. I will soon be turned there myself if I can't pay what I owe.

*Mad. T.* He is coming back, for he left his stick and bundle.

[Enter JEAN L, with large doll, which he hands to Cos.]

Jean. Here, this is for you.

Then. [Aside to MAD. T.] That doll cost at least thirty francs. He must have bought it at the booth. No nonsense. Down on your knees before this man.

Cos. [Coming out from table.] Is it for me?

Then. Yes, my little Cosette, Monsieur gives you the doll. Take it; it is yours.

Cos. Oh, thank you. Is it true, Monsieur, is the lady for me? [JEAN nods. Cos. plays with doll in chair. Exit EPON. R.]

Jean. Madame, do you do a good business?

Mad. T. The times are very hard. Why, that little girl eats us out of house and home. We have nothing, and a great deal to pay.

Jean. Suppose you were relieved of her?

Mad. T. Who, Cosette?

Jean. Yes.

Mad. T. Ah, Monsieur, take her! keep her!

Jean. Agreed.

Mad. T. Really! You will take her away?

Jean. I will.

Mad. T. Immediately?

Jean. Immediately. I will not wait until morning. Put these clothes on her. [Hands bundle.]

Then. Leave us, wife. [Exit MAD. T., with Cos., R.] Monsieur, listen. I must say that I adore this child. You understand, we have affection. I love this child. Can I give this child to a stranger? I don't even know your name.

Jean. Monsieur Thenardier, if I take Cosette, I take her. You will not know my name or abode, and she shall never see you again in her life. Do you agree? Yes or no?

Then. Monsieur, how can I—

Jean. Say yes or no!

Then. Monsieur, I must have fifteen hundred francs.

Jean. [Counting out money.] Bring Cosette. [THEN. takes money, exit R, and returns with Cos. dressed in black, with doll; MAD. T. following.] Come, my child, you go with me. You are paid. Good-bye. [Exit L, with Cos.]

Then. [Showing money.] See.

Mad. T. Pshaw! what's that!

Then. You are right. I am a fool. This man is a millionaire. I am a brute. He gave fifteen hundred francs; he would give fifteen thousand. But I shall catch him. And this bundle of clothes, made ready beforehand. I am a brute. [Exit L.]

[Closed in.]

SCENE III.—*Woods, 1 G, same as Scene I. Enter JEAN, with Cos., R; THEN. follows.*

*Then.* Pardon me, Monsieur, but here are your fifteen hundred francs.

*Jean.* What does that mean?

*Then.* That I take back Cosette.

*Jean.* You—take—back—Cosette?

*Then.* I have reflected. I haven't the right to give her to you. I am an honest man. I can only give the child to a person who shall bring me a written order signed by the mother. [JEAN opens pocket-book.] Good. He is going to corrupt me.

*Jean.* You are right. Read this. [Holds paper.]

*Then.* [Reading.] "March 25, 1823. Monsieur Thenardier: You will deliver Cosette to the bearer. He will settle all small debts. I have the honor to salute you with consideration. Fantine."

*Jean.* You know that signature. Keep the paper as your receipt.

*Then.* This signature is very well imitated—well, it is all right. But you must settle all small debts. There is a large amount due to me.

*Jean.* Monsieur Thenardier, in January the mother reckoned she owed you one hundred and twenty francs. You sent her in February a memoranda of five hundred francs. You received three hundred francs at the end of February, and three hundred at the beginning of March. There has since elapsed nine months, which, at fifteen francs per month, amounts to one hundred and thirty-five francs. You had received one hundred francs in advance. That leaves thirty-five francs due you. I have just given you fifteen hundred francs.

*Then.* Monsieur I-don't-know-your-name, I shall take Cosette back, or you must give me one thousand crowns.

*Jean.* [Clutching stick.] Come, Cosette. [Exit L with Cos.]

*Then.* Curse him. I ought to have taken my gun. [Exit R.]

SCENE IV.—*Garden of Convent of Barnardine of Perpetual Adoration, 4 G. High wall, 3 G. Shed, L upper.*

*Cos.* [Behind wall.] Father, I am afraid. Who is that coming?

*Jean.* [Same.] Hush! it is the Thenardieress. Don't say a word. [Throws shoes over wall.] Now stand still. [JEAN appears on wall, with rope in hand.] Put your back against the wall. Don't speak or be afraid. [Pulls on rope.] Thanks to the lamp-lighter's rope. [Pulls up Cos. with cravat under her arms and rope tied to it. Crawls along wall with Cos. and gets on shed.]

*Jav.* [Behind wall.] Search the cul-de-sac. The streets are all guarded. I'll answer for it, he is in the cul-de-sac. [Noise behind. JEAN gets from shed with Cos.]

*Jean.* Make no noise; they may be near yet. They will never dream a man could climb such a wall.

*Cos.* How could you do it?

*Jean.* To learn to scale a wall is a necessity. But for the angle, I could not have done it. [Puts on shoes.] I wonder what place this is. [Pointing R.] See, there is a large building yonder. [Bell tolls. Hymns in female voices heard. Both kneel in silent prayer; rise.]

*Cos.* Why must we run away? Where are we?

*Jean.* Don't you remember? You are in Paris.

*Cos.* O, yes. Is Paris a big place?

*Jean.* Very.

*Cos.* Will Madame Thenardier find me?

*Jean.* No.

*Cos.* Must I sweep any more?

*Jean.* No, Cosette. I thought we would be secure here; but I am mistaken. We must leave Paris.

*Cos.* To go to Madame Thenardier's?

*Jean.* No, not there; but away. I engaged a room here in Paris some weeks ago, and believed no one would find me; but I am pursued. Javert, whom I told you of, has found me—I know not how, but he has. There was an old beggar who sat near the house, to whom I gave alms. One day he appeared changed, and watched me closely. I see that changed face now. It was Javert's.

*Cos.* But why should he harm you?

*Jean.* Because I am doomed to sorrow. Just now, as we neared the house, I saw him leave it. He saw us, and is in pursuit. That is why we ran away. Are you tired?

*Cos.* I am very cold. Is she there yet?

*Jean.* Who?

*Cos.* Madame Thenardier.

*Jean.* Oh! she has gone. Don't be afraid. [Places coat on Cos.] Are you warmer?

*Cos.* Yes, father.

*Jean.* I love to have you call me father. Cosette, I have never known father, mother, or child. I have never known *love*, until now. Nature has placed a wide chasm—fifty years' interval of age—between us. This chasm, fate has filled up. Dissimilar in years, but similar in sorrow. Fate has brought us together.

*Cos.* We will always be together, won't we?

*Jean.* Yes, child. I must see where we are. Wait a moment; I shall soon be back. [Exit R upper. Cos. lays her head on stone and sleeps. Enter FAUCHE. L, with bell fastened to left

knee, and exits R 1. Enter JEAN R upper.] This is a convent. [Touche Cos.] O, God, she is icy! Cosette! Can she be dead? [Listens to breathing.] No; but she must have a bed and fire. [Enter FAUCHE. R 1.] A hundred francs for you, if you will give me refuge to-night.

Fauche. What! Is it you, Father Madeleine? How did you come here, Father Madeleine? Did you fall from the sky? You have no cravat; you have no coat. But how did you get in?

Jean. Who are you, and what is this house?

Fauche. Indeed! that is good, now. I am the one you got this place for here, and this house is the one you got me the place in. What! you don't remember me?

Jean. No. And how does it happen that you know me?

Fauche. You saved my life.

Jean. O, it is you! Yes, I remember you. And what are you doing here?

Fauche. I have been looking after the garden. But how did you come here?

Jean. I will explain. You have a room?

Fauche. I have a solitary shanty. There are three rooms.

Jean. Very well. We will take the child.

Fauche. Then there is a child? [Exeunt L with Cos. FAUCHE. returns.] After what he has done for me, if he were a thief, would I save him? Just the same. If he were an assassin, would I save him? Just the same. Since he is a saint, shall I save him? Just the same. [Enter JEAN L, with coat on.]

Jean. She will soon be herself again. I laid her on your bed, and she dropped into a peaceful sleep at once. Now tell me about this place. What is that bell you have on your knee?

Fauche. That? That is so they will keep away from me.

Jean. How keep away from you?

Fauche. O, bless me, there is nothing but women in this place—plenty of young girls. It seems that I am dangerous to meet. The bell warns them. When I come, they go away.

Jean. What is this house?

Fauche. Why, you know very well.

Jean. No, I don't.

Fauche. Why, you got me the place here as gardener.

Jean. Answer me as if I didn't know.

Fauche. Well, it is the convent of the Petit Picpus, then.

Jean. The convent of the Petit Picpus?

Fauche. But how the deuce did you manage to get in? You are a man, and no man comes in here.

Jean. But you are here.

Fauche. There is none but me.

Jean. But I must stay here.

Fauche. You! What!

*Jean.* Father Fauchelevant, I saved your life.

*Fauche.* I was first to remember it.

*Jean.* Well, you can now do for me what I once did for you.

*Fauche.* O, that would be a blessing. I save your life, Monsieur Mayor? The old man is at your disposal.

*Jean.* Good. Then I ask of you two things.

*Fauche.* What are they, Monsieur Mayor?

*Jean.* First, that you will not tell anybody what you know about me. Second, that you will not attempt to learn anything more.

*Fauche.* As you please. I know you can do nothing dishonorable. Besides, it was you who put me here. It is your place. I am yours. [Bell rings.] That is the prioress' bell for me. Sister Simplice is now prioress here. If you are seen, Monsieur, we are ruined.

*Jean.* They cannot see us from the convent.

*Fauche.* The nuns seldom come near.

*Jean.* Well?

*Fauche.* There are the little girls.

*Jean.* What little girls?

*Fauche.* These cherubs are little devils.

*Jean.* Who?

*Fauche.* The little girls. You would be found out very soon.

*Jean.* I understand. They are boarding scholars. Here, then, Cosette can be educated, too.

*Fauche.* How they would scream at sight of you. Yes, your little one—what is her name?

*Jean.* Cosette.

*Fauche.* She is your girl—that is to say, you shall be her grandfather?

*Jean.* Yes. [Bell rings.]

*Fauche.* There it is again. We must arrange it. Here comes the prioress. Quick, to the shanty. [Exit JEAN L.] I am coming. [Enter SIMP. and nun, veiled, R.] Reverend Mother.

*Simp.* You have not heard the bell, then?

*Fauche.* It is hard to hear at this further end of the garden.

*Simp.* Really?

*Fauche.* I can hardly distinguish my ring. I was coming to speak to you.

*Simp.* What of?

*Fauche.* I am getting old.

*Simp.* You are.

*Fauche.* And infirm.

*Simp.* Yes.

*Fauche.* The garden is large, and there is much work.

*Simp.* Yes.

*Fauche.* I have a brother,

*Simp.* [Starts.] A brother!

*Fauche.* A brother, not young. If it is desired, this brother could come and live with me, and help me.

*Simp.* Well?

*Fauche.* He is an excellent gardener. I will break down without him. He has a little girl.

*Simp.* A girl?

*Fauche.* She would be reared under God in the house, and perhaps — who knows? — may some day become a nun.

*Simp.* Father Fauchelevant.

*Fauche.* Reverend Mother.

*Simp.* Can you, between now and night, procure a strong iron bar?

*Fauche.* For what work?

*Simp.* To raise the stone that covers the vault.

*Fauche.* That is a piece of work where it would be well to have two men.

*Simp.* Mother Ascension, who is strong, will help you.

*Fauche.* A woman is never a man.

*Simp.* We have only a woman to help you.

*Fauche.* My brother is very strong.

*Simp.* The vault must be shut again.

*Fauche.* Is that all?

*Simp.* Father Fauchelevant.

*Fauche.* Reverend Mother.

*Simp.* No. Mother Crucifixion died at day-break. She will be buried in the coffin in which she slept for twenty years.

*Fauche.* That is right.

*Simp.* Four mothers will help you let it down.

*Fauche.* Where?

*Simp.* Into the vault.

*Fauche.* What vault?

*Simp.* Under the altar.

*Fauche.* But —

*Simp.* You will have an iron bar.

*Fauche.* Yes, but —

*Simp.* You will lift the stone.

*Fauche.* But —

*Simp.* We must obey the dead. She has asked it — that is to say, commanded it.

*Fauche.* But it is forbidden.

*Simp.* Forbidden by men, enjoined by God. You may bring your brother to me, and tell him to bring his daughter. How soon can he come?

*Fauche.* In a minute. They are waiting at the gate.

*Simp.* Bring them.

*Fauche.* [Aside.] There is a lie, but for him. [Exit L. *SIMP.* stands, sliding rosary through her fingers.]

*Nun.* Father Fauchelevent is old. He needs help.  
*Simp.* The child is young, and needs the church.

[Enter FAUCHE, JEAN, and Cos., L.]

*Simp.* [Looking down.] You are the brother?

[JEAN silent.]

*Fauche.* Yes, reverend mother.

*Simp.* What is your name?

*Fauche.* Ultimus Fauchelevent.

*Simp.* From what part of the country?

*Fauche.* Near Amiens.

*Simp.* What is your age?

*Fauche.* Fifty.

*Simp.* Your business?

*Fauche.* Gardener.

*Simp.* Are you a true Christian?

*Fauche.* All our family are such.

*Simp.* Is this your little girl?

*Fauche.* Yes, reverend mother.

*Simp.* You are her father?

*Fauche.* Her grandfather.

*Nun.* He answers well.

*Simp.* [To NUN.] She will be homely. Father Fauchelevent, you will have another knee-cap and bell. We need two now. Child, you may come with me. [Takes Cos.' hand.]

*Jean.* When may I see her?

*Simp.* Every day she shall spend an hour with you. [JEAN kisses Cos.]

CURTAIN.

[Eight years elapse before next Act.]

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## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Drawing-room of GRANDFATHER GILLENOORMAND, 2 G. GILL. discovered.*

*Gill.* Marius is acting strangely. Marius Pontmercy! Curse that name—Pontmercy—even if he was my daughter's husband. He was *Colonel* Pontmercy. *He* fought at Waterloo, was wounded, and all that. He called himself *Baron* (?) Pontmercy. *Baron, BAH!* [Enter MADEMOISELLE GILLENOORMAND L.] Daughter, it is more than a week ago that I allowed Marius to go see his father. He wrote he was too late—that his

father had just died. Now, what has he been doing since? After I had cared for him, clothed and fed him, and kept him from the influence of his father, he is away most all the time, and gives no account of himself.

*Mad. G.* Yes, Marius is often away.

*Gill.* Eh! eh!

*Mad. G.* He travels.

*Gill.* Ah! Ah!

*Mad. G.* He sleeps away.

*Gill.* Oh! Oh! What is at the bottom of it?

*Mad. G.* Some petticoat; a lass. See what I found on his bed this morning. [*Hands ribbon, with small box attached.*]

*Gill.* Victory! We are going to penetrate the mystery. It is evidently a portrait. This is worn tenderly upon his heart. What fools they are. Young folks have such bad tastes in these days. [*Opens box.*]

*Mad. G.* Let us see, father.

*Gill.* [*Taking out paper, reads.*] "From the same to the same." [*Laughing.*] I know what it is—a love-letter.

*Mad. G.* Then let us read it. [*Takes and reads.*] "For my son: The emperor made me a baron upon the battle-field of Waterloo. Since the restoration contests this title, which I have bought with my blood, my son will take it and bear it. I need not say he will be worthy of it."

*Gill.* It is that Pontmercy's writing.

*Mad. G.* See! here are some cards.

*Gill.* [*Taking card, and holding at arm's-length, reads.*] "Baron Marius Pontmercy." [*Throws on floor.*] Take away these things. [*Enter MARIUS R.*] Stop! stop! stop!! stop!! stop!!! You are a baron (?) now. I present you my compliments. What does this mean?

*Mari.* That I am my father's son.

*Gill.* Your father!

*Mari.* My father was an humble and heroic man, who served the Republic [*GILL. starts*] of France gloriously; who was great in the greatest history that man has ever made; who lived a quarter of a century in the camp; who died forgotten and abandoned, and who had but one fault—that was in loving too dearly two ingrates, his country and me.

*Gill.* Marius! abominable child! I don't know what your father was; I don't want to know. But what I do know is, that there never was anything but miserable wretches among all that rabble; that they were all beggars, assassins, red caps, thieves. I say, all. I know nobody; I say, all. Do you hear, Marius? Look you, indeed you are as much a baron as my slipper. They were all bandits who served Robespierre; all brigands who served B-u-o-na-parte; all, all traitors, who betrayed! betrayed!! betrayed!! their legitimate king; and all

cowards, who ran from the Prussians and English at Waterloo. That is what I know. If your father is among them, I don't know him. I am sorry for it; so much the worse. Your servant. A *baron*, like Monsieur, and a *bourgeois*, like me, cannot remain under the same roof. Be off! [Exit MAR. R.] You may send sixty pistoles every six months to this blood-drinker, and never speak of him to me again. [Exeunt L.]

SCENE II.—*Garden of Luxembourg, 1 G. Enter JEAN and COS. R.*

*Cos.* Father, the past eight years in the convent have been happy ones for us.

*Jean.* Yes, daughter, and secure ones. I do not feel as safe now since we left there.

*Cos.* Surely, there is no danger now. It has been so long, this Javert will have forgotten all about you.

*Jean.* Be not too sure of that. Besides—

*Cos.* Besides what?

*Jean.* I fear we are being watched.

*Cos.* By whom?

*Jean.* Haven't you noticed, for the past week, while we have been walking here every day, a young man has passed us, and looked very sharp at us?

*Cos.* Yes, I have noticed it. He is quite fine-looking.

*Jean.* Last night he followed us to our lodgings. We move to-day.

*Cos.* Why, father?

*Jean.* I know not who he may be. I cannot be watched.

*Cos.* Father, here he comes now.

*Jean.* We will go. It is best to walk here no more. [Drops handkerchief. Exeunt L.]

[Enter MAR. R.]

*Mar.* Who can she be? I have followed, and found where they live. But what is her name? [Picks up handkerchief.] What have we here? Her handkerchief? Yes, and marked with her initials, "U. F." It must be Ursula. What a sweet name. [Kisses it.] I will see my Ursula again to-morrow. [Exit L.]

SCENE III.—*MABIUS' lodgings. Gorbeau tenement, 2 G. Transom out over door C. Table, with books. Enter MAR. R.*

*Mar.* What a place to live, after having been, so long as I can remember, with my grandfather! And what neighbors! I am sick at heart—discouraged. I have lost my Ursula; moved, no one knows where. What shall I think of—my father?

Alas! poor father, how little I knew you. Here are the last words he wrote: [Takes paper from pocket, and reads.] "For my son: The emperor made me a baron upon the battle-field of Waterloo. Since the restoration contests this title, which I have bought with my blood, my son will take it and bear it. I need not say he will be worthy of it." Here on the back he has written: "At this same battle of Waterloo, a sergeant saved my life. This man's name is Thenardier. Not long ago I believe he was keeping a little tavern in a village in the suburbs of Paris, at Chellas or Montfermeil. If my son meets him, he will do Thenardier all the service he can." Indeed I will, for your sake, dear father. But what are these papers? O, yes, I remember; I found them on the boulevard. Four letters, and all exhale the odor of wretched tobacco. One directed [Reads] "To Madame the Marchioness de Grouchery," and begging for money; signed, "Don Alvares, Spanish Captain." Here is another: "To Madame the Countess de Montvernel," begging for money for a sick mother of six children, the youngest eight months old; signed, "Mother Balezard." Here is the third: "To Monsieur Pabourgeot, Elector." More begging; signed, "Genflot, man of letters." He says he sends it by his daughter. Here is the last, addressed "To beneficent man," writes about misery, and asks for money; signed, "P. Fabantou, dramatic artist." What do these mean? They are very alike. [Knock at door R.] Come in. [Enter Epo., almost in rags.] What do you wish, Mademoiselle?

*Epo.* Here is a letter for you, Monsieur Marius. [Hands letter.]

*Mar.* [Reading.] "My amiable neighbor: I have learned your kindness toward me—that you have paid my rent six months ago. My daughter will tell you we have been without a morsel of bread for two days. If I am not deceived by my thoughts, I think I may hope that your generous heart will soften at this exposure, and that the desire will subjugate you of being propitious to me, by designing to lavish upon me some slight gift. I am, with a distinguished consideration which is due to the benefactors of humanity, Jondrette. P. S. My daughter will await your orders, dear Monsieur Marius." Smells of the same tobacco, and must be written by the same hand as the others.

*Epo.* [At table.] You have books. I can read, I can. [Reads.] "General Bauduin received the order to take five batallions of his brigade and carry the chateau of Hougmont, which is in the middle of the plain of Waterloo—" Ah! Waterloo. I know that. It is a battle in old time. My father was there. My father served in the armies. We are jolly good Bonapartists at home, that we are. Against English, Waterloo is. And I can write. Would you like to see? Here, I am going to

write a word to show. [Writing.] "The—cognes—are—here." There are no mistakes in spelling; you can look. I have received an education. We have not always been what we are. Do you know, Monsieur Marius, that you are a very pretty boy? [Places hand on his shoulder.] You pay no attention to me, but I know you, Monsieur Marius. I meet you on the stairs, and I hear you through the wall, and I see you walking in the Luxembourg.

*Mar.* Mademoiselle, I have here a packet which is yours, I think. Permit me to return it to you.

*Epo.* [Taking packet.] We have looked everywhere. You found it on the boulevard, didn't you? [Takes out letter.] Here! This is for the old fellow who goes to mass; and this, too, is his hour. I am going to carry it to him. He will give me something, perhaps, for breakfast. Do you know what it will be if we have breakfast to-day? It will be that we shall have had our breakfast for the day before yesterday. [MAR. puts hand in pocket.] Before coming to this place, the other winter we lived under the arches of the bridge. I tell you, we hugged close. When I thought of drowning myself, I said No, it is too cold. [MAR. hands her a coin.] Good! there is some sunshine. Five francs; a shiner. Good morning, Monsieur. I am going to find my old man. Monsieur, we have no table. Father writes on the floor. Will you lend us yours just for to-day?

*Mar.* Take it. [Exit EPO. with table, R.] These must be strange people. [Takes chair, and, standing on it, looks over transom. Gets down.] The man is writing more letters on my table. I will rest on my bed awhile, and then see if she gets her old man. As I have but one chair and two rooms, my chair must follow me. [Exit L, with chair.]

SCENE IV.—*Gorbeau tenement, 4 G. Transom out over door C; MAR. looking through. Bed U L. Old sign against wall, same as in Scene I., Act I. Window L. MAD. THEN. and THEN. discovered. THEN. writing at table.*

*Then.* Rabble! rabble! all is rabble!

*Mad. T.* My darling, be calm. You are too good to write to all these people.

[Enter EPO. R.]

*Epo.* He is coming.

*Then.* Who?

*Epo.* The gentleman.

*Then.* The philanthropist?

*Epo.* Yes.

*Then.* Of the church Saint Jacques?

*Epo.* Yes.

*Then.* That old man?

*Epo.* Yes.

*Then.* He is going to come?

*Epo.* He is behind me.

*Then.* You are sure?

*Epo.* I am sure.

*Then.* You found him at the church? Did he read my letter? What did he say?

*Epo.* Tut! tut! tut! how you do run on. I gave the letter; he read it, and said: "Where do you live, my child." He said he would come.

*Then.* How do you know he will come?

*Epo.* I just saw them turning the corner. That is what made me run. He is at my heels.

*Then.* [Springing up.] Wife, you hear? Here is the philanthropist. Unbottom the chair. [Puts foot through chair.] Is it cold?

*Epo.* Very cold.

*Then.* Quick, break a pane of glass. Do you hear me? I tell you to break a pane of glass. Wife, to bed. [MAD. T. gets into bed. EPO. breaks window-glass with fist.]

*Epo.* [Crying.] I have cut my hand.

*Then.* So much the better. Here, tie it up. [Ties EPO.'s bleeding wrist.] Now we can receive the philanthropist. [Knock.] Come in. [Enter JEAN and COS. R.] Come in, Monsieur. Deign to come in, my noble benefactor.

*Jean.* [Laying package on table.] Monsieur, you will find in this package some new clothes, some stockings, and some new cover-lids.

*Then.* Our angelic benefactor overwhelms us. [Aside, to EPO.] Rags! No money. How was the letter to this old blubber-lip signed?

*Epo.* Fabantou.

*Jean.* I see that you are indeed to be pitied, Monsieur —

*Then.* Fabantou.

*Jean.* Fabanton; yes, that is it. I remember.

*Then.* Look, my benefactor, no bread, my only chair unseated, a broken window, and my wife in bed, sick.

*Jean.* Poor woman.

*Then.* My child injured. [Aside, to EPO.] Cry. [Pinches her arm; she cries.]

*Cos.* The poor girl.

*Then.* Look, my beautiful young lady, her bleeding wrist. It is an accident which happened in working at a machine by which she earned six sous a day. It may be necessary to cut off the arm.

*Jean.* Indeed!

*Then.* Alas! yes. [Aside, to MAD. T.] Notice that man. You see, Monsieur, I cannot go out for lack of a coat. To-

morrow is the fourth of February, the fatal day, the last day my landlord will give me. If I do not pay him this evening, to-morrow my spouse with her fever, and my wounded child, will be turned out of doors. You see, Monsieur, I owe sixty francs. [JEAN throws coin on table. *Aside to EPO.*] The whelp! what does he think I am going to do with five francs? [JEAN takes off outer coat and hangs it on chair.]

*Jean.* Monsieur Fabantou, I have only these five francs with me. I am going to take my daughter home, and will return this evening. Is it not this evening you have to pay?

*Then.* Yes, my noble Monsieur. At eight o'clock I must be at my landlord's.

*Jean.* I will be here at six, and will bring you the sixty francs.

*Then.* My benefactor. [Aside, to MAD. T.] Take a good look at him, wife.

*Jean.* This evening, my friend.

*Then.* Six o'clock?

*Jean.* Six o'clock, precisely.

*Epo.* Monsieur, you forget your coat.

*Jean.* I did not forget it; I leave it. [Exit JEAN and COS. R. MAD. T. gets up. THEN. walks the floor.]

*Then.* Wife, he is the mysterious man in the yellow coat.

*Mad. T.* What, really! are you sure?

*Then.* Sure. It was eight years ago, but I recognize him. What! it did not strike you?

*Mad. T.* No.

*Then.* And yet I told you to pay attention. Same height; same face. He is better dressed, that is all. Ah! mysterious old devil, I have got you all right. And the young lady.

*Mad. T.* Well, what of the young lady?

*Then.* It is she.

*Mad. T.* That girl?

*Then.* That girl!

*Mad. T.* Impossible! when I think my daughter goes barefooted. One would think she was a lady. No! you are mistaken. She was horrid; this one is not bad; it cannot be she.

*Then.* I tell you it is she. You will see.

*Mad. T.* What! this horribly beautiful young lady who looked on my girl with an appearance of pity, can she be that beggar? Oh, I should like to stamp her heart out.

*Then.* Do you want I should tell you one thing?

*Mad. T.* What?

*Then.* My fortune is made. Thunder! it is a good long time now that I have been a parishioner of the die-of-hunger-if-you-have-any-fire and die-of-cold-if-you-have-any-bread parish. I want to have my turn, I do.

*Mad. T.* What do you mean?

*Then.* What do I mean? Listen. He is caught, the Croesus. I will see the men, and it is done. He will come this evening at six o'clock. Our neighbor will be out. The girl will stand watch. We will attend to him. [Puts on hat and coat.] Now I am going out to see some men — some good ones. Lucky he didn't recognize me. Come, you must go too. We want some charcoal.

*Mad. T.* And some dinner.

*Then.* Don't bother about eating to-day. There is better business. [Exit *THEN.* and *MAD. T.* *U R.* *MAR.* gets down.]

*Epo.* I wonder if my *Marius* has come in. I hear him passing the door now. Monsieur *Marius*!

[Enter *MAR. R.*]

*Mar.* What do you want of me?

*Epo.* Monsieur *Marius*, you look sad. What is the matter with you?

*Mar.* With me?

*Epo.* Yes, you.

*Mar.* There is nothing the matter with me.

*Epo.* Yes.

*Mar.* No. Can you give me pen and paper? I want to write.

*Epo.* Yes, here.

*Mar.* [Writing at table. Aside.] That is for the commissary of police. [Goes to window and calls.] Boy!

*Boy.* [Without.] Yes, Monsieur.

*Mar.* Take that letter and deliver it according to the address. Here is a coin for you.

*Boy.* [Without.] Yes, Monsieur. Thanks.

*Epo.* Who was that letter for?

*Mar.* A friend.

*Epo.* Lady or gentleman?

*Mar.* Gentleman.

*Epo.* Then it is all right. Monsieur, you did not answer my question, and tell me what was the matter with you.

*Mar.* Nothing. Let me be quiet.

*Epo.* Stop! Though you may not be rich, you were good this morning. You are troubled at something, that is plain. I do not want you to be troubled. Can I serve you in anything? Let me. I do not ask your secrets, but yet I may be useful. I will go and speak to the persons. Sometimes for somebody to speak to the persons is enough to understand things, and it is all arranged. Make use of me.

*Mar.* Listen.

*Epo.* O, yes, talk softly to me. I like that better.

*Mar.* Well, you brought this old gentleman here with his daughter?

*Epo.* Yes.

*Mar.* Do you know their address?

*Epo.* No.

*Mar.* Find it for me.

*Epo.* Is that what you want?

*Mar.* Yes.

*Epo.* Do you know them?

*Mar.* No.

*Epo.* That is to say, you do not know her, but you want to know her.

*Mar.* Well, can you do it?

*Epo.* You shall have the beautiful young lady's address.

*Mar.* Well, no matter; the address of the father and daughter — their address, yes.

*Epo.* What will you give me?

*Mar.* Anything you wish.

*Epo.* Anything I wish?

*Mar.* Yes.

*Epo.* You shall have the address. [Exit R.]

*Mar.* I wish this commissary would come, for it is now growing late.

[Enter JAV. R.]

*Jav.* Are you Monsieur Marius?

*Mar.* I am.

*Jav.* I thought you wrote your room was next to this?

*Mar.* So it is. I am here on a visit.

*Jav.* You sent to the office of the police; what do you wish?

*Mar.* The commissary of police.

*Jav.* He is absent. I answer for him.

*Mar.* It is a very secret affair.

*Jav.* Speak then.

*Mar.* And very urgent.

*Jav.* Then speak quickly.

*Mar.* There is a person, whom I only know by sight, who is to be drawn into an ambuscade in this room, this very evening. I, Marius Pontmercy, a lawyer, occupy the room next, and heard the whole plot. The scoundrel who contrived it is one Jondrette; his daughter will stand watch; and there are accomplices. It is to be done at six this evening.

*Jav.* Will you be afraid?

*Mar.* Of what?

*Jav.* Of these men.

*Mar.* No more than of you.

*Jav.* You speak like a brave man, and an honest man. Courage does not fear crime, and honesty does not fear authority.

*Mar.* That is well enough; but we will be discovered if we remain here. What are you going to do?

*Jav.* Have you a latch-key?

*Mar.* Yes.

*Jav.* Give it to me.

*Mar.* [Giving key.] If you trust me you will come in force.

*Jav.* [Handing pistol.] Take that. Go, hide in your room. Watch. When the men come, let them go on a little. When you deem it is time to stop it you will fire off the pistol—not too soon. Wait until the consummation is commenced. You are a lawyer, and know what that is. Is it at seven?

*Mar.* Six o'clock.

*Jav.* I have time. Forget nothing I have told you. Bang! a pistol shot.

*Mar.* Be assured.

*Jav.* By the way, if you need me between now and then, send for me. You will ask for Inspector Javert. [Exit R.]

*Mar.* It is now late; I must make preparation, for I have no time to lose. There is some one coming now. [Exit R.]

[Enter THEN. and MAD. T. R., with charcoal furnace, old ropes, tools, and chisel. Place furnace, with chisel in it heating, L. Ropes, etc., R. Candle lighted on table. Lights down. MAR. looks over transom.]

*Then.* In such weather as this he will come in a carriage. Light the lantern, take it down and stand behind the door. The moment you hear the carriage stop, open and light him up stairs; go down immediately, pay the driver, and send the carriage away.

*Mad. T.* [Lighting lantern.] And the money?

*Then.* Here is the monarch our neighbor gave us this morning. [MAR. cocks pistol.] What was that noise?

*Mad. T.* Nothing. [Exit R.]

*Then.* [Looking over tools.] It is almost time. Well, we are ready for him. [Steps outside.]

*Mad. T.* [At door R, bowing.] Walk in. [Enter JEAN R.]

*Then.* Walk in, my benefactor.

*Jean.* [Laying money on table.] Monsieur Fabantou, that is for your rent and your present wants.

*Then.* God reward you, my generous benefactor. [Aside to MAD. T.] Send away the carriage. [Exit MAD. T. R.]

*Jean.* [Seated on broken chair.] How does the poor little injured girl do?

*Then.* Badly. She has gone to have her arm dressed.

*Jean.* Madame Fabantou appears to me much better.

[Enter MAD. T. R.]

*Then.* She is dying; but you see, Monsieur, she has so much courage, that woman. She is not a woman; she is an ox.

*Mad. T.* You are always too kind to me, Monsieur Jondrette.

*Jean.* Jondrette? I thought your name was Fabantou.

*Then.* Fabantou or Jondrette — sobriquet as an artist. We are so unfortunate. We have arms, no labor; we have courage, no work. I have one thing, a painting, to which I cling, but I must sell it. [Enter BABIT, masked, R; silent. JEAN looks.] Ah! I see. [Buttoning up coat.] You are looking at your overcoat. It's a fit; my faith, it's a fit.

*Jean.* Who is that man?

*Then.* That man? That is a neighbor; pay no attention to him.

*Jean.* Pardon me — what were you saying to me, Monsieur Fabantou?

*Then.* I was telling you, Monsieur and dear patron — I was telling you I had a picture to sell. [Enter two masked men R. JEAN looks.] Do not mind them; they are people of the house. I was telling you I had a valuable painting left. Here, Monsieur, look. [Shows old sign.]

*Jean.* What is that?

*Then.* A painting by a master — I cling to it as to my daughter. But I have told you I am so unfortunate that I would part with it. [Enter disguised men R; stand near door R, and back.] They are friends. They live near by. They are dark because they work in charcoal. They are chimney-doctors.

*Jean.* [Rising.] But this is some tavern sign — it is worth about three francs.

*Then.* Have you your pocket-book here? I will be satisfied with a thousand crowns. [JEAN backs against L.] If you do not buy my picture, dear benefactor, I am without resources. I have only to throw myself into the river; I went down three steps for that yesterday, by the side of the bridge of Austerlitz. [Changes manner.] But all this is not to the question. Do you know me? [Men arm themselves with hammers, bars, etc.] You do not recognize me, then?

*Jean.* No.

*Then.* My name is not Fabantou. My name is not Jondrette. My name is Thenardier. I am the inn-keeper of Montfermeil. Do you understand me? Thenardier! now do you know me?

*Jean.* No more than before.

*Then.* [Agitated.] Singed! smoked! basted! spitted! Ha! I have found you again at last, Monsieur philanthropist, Monsieur threadbare-millionaire, Monsieur giver-of-dolls! You do not know me? No! It is not you who came to Montfermeil, to my inn, eight years ago! It was not you who took away Fantine's child from my house — the lark! It was not you who had a yellow coat, and a package of clothes in your hand, just as you came this morning! Ha! you do not know me? Well, I know you, old beggar, child-stealer! Zounds! you make a mock of me! You are the cause of all my misfortunes. For fifteen

hundred francs you got a girl who certainly belonged to rich people, and who had already brought me a deal of money, and from whom I ought to have got enough to live on all my life. When you went away with the lark you had your club in the woods; you were the strongest. Revenge! I licked your paws this morning—I will gnaw your heart to-night.

*Jean.* I do not know what you mean; you are mistaken. I am a very poor man. You mistake me for another.

*Then.* You stick to that joke yet. You do not remember. You do not see who I am.

*Jean.* Pardon me, Monsieur, I see you are a bandit.

*Then.* Bandit! Yes, I know that you call us so, you rich people. But know this, Monsieur philanthropist, I am no doubtful man. I am not a man whose name nobody knows, and who comes into houses to carry off children. I am a French soldier. I was at Waterloo. I saved the life of Colonel Pontmercy—that is history. I must have money. I will exterminate you, by the thunder of God. [JEAN springs to window *L*, and gets half out. *All rush at him, and he knocks one across stage. They get him down.* MAD. T. has him by the hair.] Do him no harm. Tie him. Search him. [Bed brought forward, and JEAN tied on it.]

*Bab.* He has nothing but a handkerchief.

*Then.* Nothing? [Sits on chair by bed.] Move a little off and let me talk with Monsieur. Monsieur, you were wrong in trying to jump from the window. You might have broken your leg. I have noticed you have not made the least outcry. You have some interest in concealing something. We want two hundred thousand francs. That trifle once out of your pocket, you need not fear a snap of your finger. You will say, I have no money with me. O, I am not exacting; I only ask one thing. [Draws up table.] Have the goodness to write what I shall dictate. Write.

*Jean.* How do you expect me to write? I am tied.

*Then.* Untie Monsieur's right hand. [BABIT unties.] You are in our power; now write.

*Jean.* What?

*Then.* I will dictate. Now: "My daughter." Put "My dear daughter—come immediately." You call her daughter, do you not?

*Jean.* Who?

*Then.* Zounds! the little girl—the lark.

*Jean.* I don't know what you mean.

*Then.* Well, go on: "Come—immediately.—I—have—imperative—need—of—you.—I—am—awaiting—for—you.—Come—with—confidence." No, don't put "Come with confidence;" that might lead her to suppose the thing was not quite clear. Now sign it. What is your name?

*Jean.* For whom is this letter?

*Then.* You know very well. For the little girl I have just told you. Sign it. What is your name?

*Jean.* Urbain Fabre.

*Then.* [Looking at handkerchief.] This is marked "U. F." — that is it — Urbain Fabre. Well, sign "U. F." [JEAN signs.] Put on the address, "Mademoiselle Fabre." I know you live not far from here. [JEAN addresses letter.] Here, wife. [Hands letter.] There is the address. You know what to do; the carriage is ready; go right away, and come back ditto. [Exit MAD. T. R. JEAN struggles with ropes.] Monsieur Fabre, my spouse is coming back in a minute; do not be impatient. I think the lark is really your daughter, and I find it quite natural that you should keep her. Listen! Your daughter will follow my wife. All is arranged; horses are ready, and I have friends to attend to her. No harm will be done the young lady; she will be taken to a place where she will be quiet. When my wife comes back, and says it is done, you may go, and as soon as you have given me two hundred thousand francs she will be sent back to you. If you have me arrested, my comrades will give the lark a pinch; that is all. [JEAN pulls at ropes.] It is very simple, as you see. There will be no harm done unless you wish there should be. I tell you in advance, so that you may know. You see we have no bad intentions. [To BABIT.] See if the fire is burning, and if there is a convincing color on the chisel.

*Bab.* [Looking at furnace.] It is beautifully done.

*Then.* Monsieur, your consideration and ready compliance has saved us much annoyance. We shall get along very nicely. I hear wheels. The young lady must have been ready, for they were very quick. There, she is coming up stairs. [JEAN struggles. Enter MAD. T. R.]

*Mad. T.* False address.

*Then.* False address?

*Mad. T.* Nobody there.

*Then.* A false address; what did you hope for by that?

*Jean.* To gain time. [Springs from bed, loose excepting one foot still tied to leg of bed. Seizes chisel. All stand back.]

*Bab.* Be easy, he holds yet by one leg — I tied that shank for him.

*Jean.* You are pitiable; but my life is not worth the trouble of so long a defense. As to you imagining that you could make me speak, that you could make me write what I did not wish to write, that you could make me say what I do not wish to say — here. [Pulls up his sleeve and presses chisel into flesh of his arm.] Wretches! have no more fear for me than I have for you. [Throws chisel through window.] Do with me what you will.

*Then.* Lay hold of him. [Two seize JEAN.] There is only one more thing to do. [MAR. disappears.]

*Mad. T.* Kill him.

*Then.* That is it. [Gets knife. MAR. appears over door and throws in paper wrapped on a piece of plaster.]

*Mad. T.* What is that? Something fell.

*Then.* What is it? [MAD. T. picks up and hands him paper.] How did this come?

*Mad. T.* How do you suppose? It came through the window.

*Then.* It is Eponine's writing. The devil! she says the cognes are here. Quick, the ladder. Leave the meat in the trap.

*Mad. T.* Without cutting the man's throat?

*Then.* We hav'nt the time.

*Bab.* Which way?

*Then.* Through the window. [All rush to window; fasten rope-ladder and throw out the end.] Come. [Starts out.]

*Bab.* [Holding THEN.] No! Let us draw lots which shall go first.

[Enter JAVERT and GENDARMES R.]

*Jav.* [With hat in hand.] Would you like my hat? Halt, there! You will not pass out through the window; you will pass out through the door; it is less unwholesome.

*Bab.* [Drawing pistol.] I dare not fire — it is Javert. Dare you?

*Then.* Yes.

*Bab.* [Handing pistol.] Well, fire.

*Jav.* Don't! It will flash in the pan. [THEN. tries to fire, and pistol flashes.] I told you so.

*Bab.* You are emperor of the devils. I surrender.

*Jav.* And the others?

*All.* We too.

*Jav.* That is it — that is well. Come, handcuffs on all. [GENS. handcuff men.]

*Mad. T.* My daughter?

*Jav.* She is provided for. [JEAN loosens his foot and exits through window L.] Come now, gentlemen; keep on your masks; we are ready to go. Good day, Brujon; good day, Gueulemer; good day, Babit; your health, Claqueusous. Untie Monsieur, and let no one go out. Well, where is he? [Goes to window.] The rope-ladder is still trembling. The devil! that must have been the best one. [Enter MAR. R.] You did not fire; I was tired waiting.

*Mar.* No. [Comes forward. Aside.] I could not fire; he saved the life of my father, who said: "Do Thenardier all the service you can."

[Closed in.]

SCENE V.—*Garden of Luxembourg, 1 G. Enter MAR. R.*

*Mar.* Blood will soon be flowing. The revolution is upon us. Revolutions have a terrible arm, and a fortunate hand; they strike hard and choose well. The storm is advancing; the distant thunder is heard in the voices of men. We hear such words as these: "I don't know the names of the chiefs. As for us, we shall only know the day two hours beforehand." I heard a workingman say: "There are three hundred of us; let us put in ten sous each, that will make one hundred and fifty francs, to manufacture powder and ball." Another says: "I don't ask six months, I don't ask two; in less than a fortnight we shall meet the government face to face. With twenty thousand men we can make a stand." Another says: "I don't go to bed, because I make cartridges all night." The plan is ripe, the thing is complete. If we have no arms, the soldiers have. Civil war! What does this mean? Is there any foreign war? Is not every war between men, war between brothers? War is modified by its aim. There is neither foreign war nor civil war; there is only unjust war and just war. I see distinctly the brink of the bottomless precipice. What! shall I never see her again before? She comes here no more!—the lark, they called her—where can she be? This man Thenardier—I have sent him five francs every Monday. I have had to borrow it to-day.

[Enter EPO. L, and stands before MAR.]

*Epo.* I have found you, then! How I have looked for you! Do you know I have been in the jug a fortnight? They have let me out, seeing that I was not of the age of discernment—it lacks two months. O, how I have looked for you!—it is six weeks now. You don't live down there any longer?

*Mar.* No.

*Epo.* I understand—on account of that affair. What! why do you wear such an old hat as that? A young man like you ought to have fine clothes. Do you know, Monsieur Marius, I have heard you called Baron Marius?—I forget what more. It is not true you are a baron?—barons are old fellows. Where do you live now? O, you have a hole in your shirt!—I must mend it for you. You don't seem to be glad to see me; but, if I would, I could make you glad.

*Mar.* How? What does that mean?

*Epo.* Ah, you used to speak more kindly to me.

*Mar.* Well, what is it that you mean?

*Epo.* So much the worse—it makes no difference. You look sad; I want you to be glad. But promise me that you will laugh—I want to see you laugh. Poor Monsieur Marius! You know you promised me you would give me whatever I asked.

*Mar.* Yes; but tell me!

*Epo.* I have the address.

*Mar.* What address?

*Epo.* The address you asked me for: the address—you know well enough—

*Mar.* Yes.

*Epo.* Of the young lady.

*Mar.* Come, show me the way! Tell me! Ask for whatever you will. Where is it?

*Epo.* Come with me. How glad you are!

*Mar.* Swear to me one thing.

*Epo.* Swear? What does that mean? Oh! you want me to swear. [Laughs.]

*Mar.* Your father—promise me, Eponine—swear to me—that you will not give this address to your father.

*Epo.* Eponine! How do you know my name is Eponine?

*Mar.* Promise what I ask you.

*Epo.* That is nice; you call me Eponine.

*Mar.* But answer me now! Swear to me that you will not give the address you know to your father.

*Epo.* My father? Oh, yes!—my father. He is in solitary.

*Mar.* But you do not promise me.

*Epo.* Yes, I promise you, that I won't give the address to my father. Is that it?

*Mar.* Nor to anybody.

*Epo.* Nor to anybody.

*Mar.* Now show me the way.

*Epo.* Right away?

*Mar.* Right away.

*Epo.* Come. O, how glad he is! Don't follow too near. It won't do for a fine young man like you to be seen with a woman like me. By the way, you know you promised me something. [MAR. hands money.] I don't want your money. [Exeunt L.]

SCENE VI.—*Garden on the Rue Plumet. Wall 3 G, with broad iron grating C. Seat against wall L of grating. Enter MAR. and EPO. R, behind grating; look through; exeunt L. Enter COS. R.*

*Cos.* I do wonder where that young man could have gone. Dear me! I thought surely he would be in the Luxembourg yesterday; but no. I wonder where father goes every now and then, and stays two or three days, and I wonder what he keeps in that box he watches so closely.

[Enter JEAN R.]

*Jean.* My daughter.

*Cos.* What, father?

*Jean.* Do you want to walk in the Luxembourg to-day?

*Cos.* No, father.

*Jean.* You wanted to go yesterday; why not to-day?

*Cos.* I don't care to go.

*Jean.* Then you may walk in the garden here; I will go into the back yard.

*Cos.* Why not stay here, father? The back yard is all shut in; you cannot see out.

*Jean.* Nor in. I don't want to be before the grating. Cosette, there is going to be trouble—a revolution.

*Cos.* What! fighting?

*Jean.* Yes. This year, 1832, will be long remembered. You know, daughter, I did not escape the close enrollment of 1831, and am a national guard. I may have to fight.

*Cos.* No, father; let Thenardier and such men fight.

*Jean.* By the way, I hear Thenardier and some of his friends have escaped.

*Cos.* O, I am so sorry.

*Jean.* I am going into the back yard, daughter. Cosette, hold yourself in readiness; perhaps we will go away, perhaps to England. [Exit R.]

*Cos.* O, I forgot to ask him about the box. I must know what is in it. [Exit R. Enter MAR. L behind grating. He reaches through and places paper on seat and covers it with a stone. Exit. Enter Cos. R.] He won't tell me about the box—the inseparable. I am jealous of it. [Sees stone.] Dear! what is this? It was not there a moment ago. Let me see. Here is an envelope and something in it. [Opens.] No name, no address, no date, different inks—sometimes pale, sometimes black. It must have been written at ever so many different times. [MAR. tries bars and one raises. Enters unseen and stands behind Cos., who reads.] "Love is the salutation of the angel to the stars. How sad is the soul when it is sad from love. Certain thoughts are prayers. There are moments when, whatever be the attitude of the body, the soul is on its knees. To love is the only thing which can occupy and fill up eternity. The day that a woman who is passing before you sheds a light upon you as she goes, you are lost—you love. You have then but one thing to do—to think of her so earnestly that she will be compelled to think of you. Does she still come to the Luxembourg? No, Monsieur. She hears mass in this church, does she not? She comes here no more. Does she still live in this house? She has moved away. Whither has she gone to live? She did not say. What a gloomy thing, not to know the address of one's soul. Were there not some one who loved, the sun would be extinguished." [Puts letter in bosom.] Who could have written them? He? Yes, he wrote them and brought them here. This is what I have already read in his eyes. [Turns, and seeing MAR., starts.]

*Mar.* Pardon me. I am here. My heart is breaking. I could not live as I was. I have come. Do you recognize me? Do not be afraid of me. It is a long time now. Do you remember the day when you looked upon me? It was at the Luxembourg. And the day when you passed before me? It was the 16th of June, and 2d of July. It will soon be a year. For a very long time I have not seen you at all. You lived in the Rue de l'Ouise. You see that I know. I followed you. What was I to do? And then you disappeared. See, you are my angel. Let me come sometimes. I believe I am going to die. If you but knew! I adore you. Pardon me. I am talking to you. I do not know what I am saying to you. Perhaps I annoy you. Do I annoy you?

*Cos.* O, mother. [*Almost faints.* *MAR.* holds her.]

*Mar.* See, you have placed what I wrote near your heart. You love me, then?

*Cos.* Hush! You know it. What is your name?

*Mar.* My name is Marius. And yours?

*Cos.* My name is Cosette. My real name is Euphrasie.

*Mar.* Euphrasie? No, Cosette.

*Cos.* O, Cosette is such an ugly name that they gave me somehow when I was little; but my real name is Euphrasie. Don't you like the name Euphrasie?

*Mar.* Yes; but Cosette is not ugly.

*Cos.* Do you like it better than Euphrasie?

*Mar.* Why, yes.

*Cos.* Then I like it better, too. It is true, it is pretty. Call me Cosette.

*Mar.* Just think, I thought your name was Ursula. My name is Marius Pontmercy. I am a baron.

*Cos.* A what? No, you are Marius.

*Mar.* I am a lawyer, and live by writing things for publishers. My father was a colonel; he was a hero. My grandfather is rich, and I have quarreled with him. What is your father's name?

*Cos.* Fauchelevent. We lived a long time at the convent of Petit Picpus. He is very kind, and gives much to the poor, though he is poor himself. He deprives himself of everything, while he deprives me of nothing. What do you think he told me to-day?

*Mar.* What?

*Cos.* To hold myself in readiness, that perhaps we should go away. [*MAR.* downcast.] What is the matter?

*Mar.* I don't understand what you have said.

*Cos.* That we may go away, and perhaps to England.

*Mar.* But it is monstrous. When shall you start?

*Cos.* He didn't say when.

*Mar.* Cosette, shall you go?

*Cos.* Where?

*Mar.* To England. Shall you go?

*Cos.* What would you have me do?

*Mar.* So you will go?

*Cos.* If my father does.

*Mar.* So you will go? Very well; then I shall go elsewhere.

*Cos.* What do you mean?

*Mar.* Nothing.

*Cos.* How stupid we are! Marius, I have an idea.

*Mar.* What?

*Cos.* Go if we go. I will tell you where. Come and join me where I am.

*Mar.* Go with you! Are you mad? But it takes money, and I have none. Go to England? I owe now, I don't know how much. Go to England? I have not the means to pay for a passport. [Cos. cries.] Do not weep.

*Cos.* I am perhaps going away, and you cannot come.

*Mar.* Do you love me?

*Cos.* I adore you. Do you love me?

*Mar.* [Taking her hand.] Cosette, I have never given my word of honor to anybody, because I stand in awe of my word of honor. I feel that my father is at my side. Now I give you my sacred word of honor, that if you go away I shall die. Do not expect me to-morrow.

*Cos.* Why not?

*Mar.* Do not expect me till day after to-morrow.

*Cos.* O! why not?

*Mar.* You will see. Wait until day after to-morrow.

*Cos.* You wish it?

*Mar.* Yes, Cosette. Here is my address. I shall try a plan.

*Cos.* Then I will pray God that you may succeed. When the clock strikes nine I shall be here in the garden.

*Mar.* And I too. Good-bye. [Kisses, and exits through grating C. Cos. watches him.]

[Closed in.]

SCENE VII.—GRANDFATHER GILLENOORMAND'S 2 G. Enter MAD. G. R.

*Mad. G.* Father is failing. I think he would forgive Marius if Marius would ask it. [Enter GILL. R.] Father, are you still so angry with him?

*Gill.* With whom?

*Mad. G.* With that poor Marius.

*Gill.* Poor Marius, you say! That gentleman is a rascal—a worthless knave, with no heart, no soul—a proud, a wicked man. Never speak to me of him.

*Mad. G.* [Aside.] My father never loved my sister after her folly in marrying the colonel. It is clear he detests Marius.

[*Exit L.* *Enter L.*] He is here. Can you receive Monsieur Marius?

*Gill.* Monsieur Marius what? Show him in. [*Exit MAD.* *G.* *Enter MAR. L.*] What is it you came here for?

*Mar.* Monsieur —

*Gill.* What do you want?

*Mar.* Monsieur —

*Gill.* Do you come to ask my pardon? Have you seen your fault?

*Mar.* No, Monsieur.

*Gill.* Then what do you want with me?

*Mar.* Monsieur, have pity on me.

*Gill.* Pity on you, Monsieur! The youth asks pity from the old man of ninety-one! You are entering life, and I am leaving it; you, with all the pleasures of life before you — I, the grave. What do you want of me?

*Mar.* Monsieur, I know my presence is displeasing; but I come only to ask one thing of you, and then I will go away immediately.

*Gill.* You are a fool. Who tells you to go away? You have come to ask something of me — well, what? What is it? Speak.

*Mar.* Monsieur, I come to ask your permission to marry.

*Gill.* You marry — at twenty-one! You have arranged that; you have nothing but a permission to ask! How much do you earn at your lawyer's trade?

*Mar.* Nothing.

*Gill.* Nothing! You live on the twelve hundred livres which I send you? Then I understand the girl is rich?

*Mar.* As I am.

*Gill.* What! no dowry?

*Mar.* No.

*Gill.* Some expectations?

*Mar.* I believe not.

*Gill.* What! nothing to her back? And what is her father?

*Mar.* I do not know.

*Gill.* What is her name?

*Mar.* Mademoiselle Fauchelevent.

*Gill.* Fauchele-what?

*Mar.* Fauchelevent.

*Gill.* Pttt!

*Mar.* Monsieur —

*Gill.* That is it! Twenty-one; no business; twelve hundred livres a year. Madame the Baroness Pontmercy will go to market to buy two sous worth of parsley!

*Mar.* Monsieur, I supplicate you, in the name of heaven, with clasped hands — Monsieur, I throw myself at your feet! Allow me to marry her!

*Gill.* Ha! ha! ha! You said to yourself: "The devil! I

will go and find that old wig, the silly dolt" (what a pity I am not twenty-five!)—"I will say to him: 'Old idiot, I desire to marry; I desire to espouse Mamselle—No-matter-whom, daughter of Monsieur—No-matter-what. I desire to make a plunge into misery with a wife at my neck; that is my idea. You must consent to it.' And the old fossil will consent: 'Go, my boy; as you like. Tie your stone to yourself; espouse your Pousselevent—your Coupelevent.' " Never, Monsieur!—Never!

*Mar.* Father—

*Gill.* Never! Tell me about it—tell me about your love scrapes—jabber—tell me all. Lord, how foolish these young folks are!

*Mar.* Father—

*Gill.* Yes, that is it; call me father, and we shall see.

*Mar.* Well, father—

*Gill.* Come now. Then you really haven't a son? You are dressed like a robber. Here. [Gives money.] There is a hundred louis; buy yourself a hat.

*Mar.* Father!—My good father! If you knew! I love her! I saw her first on the Luxembourg. I fell in love with her. O, how wretched it has made me! Her father wants to take her to England. Then I said to myself: "I will go and see my grandfather and tell him about it." I should die—I must marry her, because I should go crazy. Now, that is the whole truth. She lives in a garden where there is a railing, in the Rue Plumet.

*Gill.* I think it is very well for a young man like you to be in love; it belongs to your age. Pretty women are pretty women. The devil! there is no objection to that. As to the little girl, she receives you unknown to Papa; that is all right. I have had adventures like that myself—more than one. Yes, yes; we come and find Grandfather, who always has a few rolls of louis. We say to him: "Grandfather, that's how it is;" and Grandfather says: "That is all natural." Youth must fare, and old age must wear. Go in, my boy! You will repay this to your grandson. [Takes out money.] There are two hundred pistoles. Amuse yourself roundly. We don't marry, but that doesn't hinder. You understand me? [MAR. hesitates.] Stupid, make make her your mistress.

*Mar.* [Going L.] When last we parted, you outraged my father; to-day, you have outraged my wife. I ask nothing more of you, Monsieur. Adieu. [Exit L.]

*Gill.* Help! help! [Enter MAD. G. R.] Run after him! catch him! What have I done to him? He is mad; he is going away. This time he will not come back. Marius! Marius! Marius! [Firing heard at a distance.] What is that?

*Mad. G.* The revolution.

*Gill.* What?

*Mad. G.* They are fighting.

*Gill.* What for?

*Mad. G.* O, Lordy!

*Gill.* Whereabouts?

*Mad. G.* Near the arsenal.

*Gill.* O, Marius! Marius! [Exeunt R.]

CURTAIN.

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ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Rue St. Denis, 5 G. Barricade across L. INSURGENTS, ENJOLRAS, GAVROCHE, JAVERT, EPONINE (in men's clothes) discovered; all armed.*

*Enj.* [To Gav.] You are small; nobody will see you. Go out of the barricade, look about, and tell me what is going on.

*Gav.* Little folks is good for something, then. That is very lucky. I will go. Trust the little folks; distrust the big. [Points to Jav.] You see that big fellow there?

*Enj.* Well?

*Gav.* He is a spy.

*Enj.* You are sure?

*Gav.* It isn't a fortnight since he pulled my ear, when I was taking the air.

*Enj.* [To Jav.] Who are you?

*Jav.* I see how it is — well, yes.

*Enj.* You are a spy.

*Jav.* I am an officer of the government.

*Enj.* Your name is —

*Jav.* Javert. [ENJ. makes signs, and JAV. is tied to post R.]

*Gav.* The mouse has caught the cat. [Exit L.]

*Enj.* You will be shot ten minutes before the barricade is taken.

*Jav.* Why not immediately?

*Enj.* We are economizing powder.

*Jav.* Then do it with a knife.

*Enj.* Spy, we are judges, not assassins. [Firing at a distance. Enter Gav. L, over barricade.]

*Gav.* Here they are! My musket!

*Enj.* Do you want my carbine?

*Gav.* I want the big musket. [Takes JAV.'s. Noise without.]

*Voice.* [L.] Who is there?

*Enj.* French revolutionists.

*Voice.* Fire! [Firing. An insurgent falls.] Disperse.

*Enj.* Viva la république!

Voice. Fire! [Firing. Insurgents fire. National Guards appear on barricade, and are driven back. Some insurgents fall.]

Enj. A second more, and the barricade had been taken. [Enter MAR. R, with keg of powder and a torch.] Fire! [Insurgents fire.]

Mar. [Placing keg near barricade.] Begone! [National Guards appear on barricade. One aims at MAR. EPO. rushes between. Soldier fires, and EPO. falls.] Begone, or I will blow up the barricade!

Voice. And yourself, also.

Mar. And myself, also. [Soldiers retreat.]

Enj. You came in good time.

Gav. Without you, I'd been gobbled. They have taken Prouvaire prisoner.

Another Voice. [L.] Viva la France! [A shot.]

Mar. They have killed him.

Enj. [To JAV.] Your friends have just shot you. Marius, watch the spy. Come. [Exeunt over barricade L, excepting JAV., MAR., GAV., and EPO. GAV. sits near JAV.]

EPO. Monsieur Marius. [MAR. looks about.] Monsieur Marius, look at your feet. You do not know me?

Mar. No.

EPO. Eponine.

Mar. [Stooping to her.] How came you here? What are you doing here?

EPO. I am dying.

Mar. You are wounded. I will take you from here. [Takes her hand.]

EPO. Oh!

Mar. Have I hurt you?

EPO. A little.

Mar. But I only touched your hand. [EPO. shows her hand with a hole through it.] What is the matter with your hand?

EPO. It is pierced.

Mar. Pierced!

EPO. Yes.

Mar. By what?

EPO. By a ball.

Mar. How?

EPO. Did you see a musket aimed at you?

Mar. Yes, and a hand which stopped it.

EPO. That was mine.

Mar. What madness! Poor child!

EPO. The ball passed through my hand, and went out through my back. It is useless to take me from here. Sit down by me. [MAR. sits, and EPO. places her hand on his knee.] O, how good it is! How kind he is! I don't suffer any

more now. Do you know, Monsieur Marius, it worried me that you should go into that garden. It was silly, since it was I who had shown you the house. I ought surely to have known that a young man like you — You thought me ugly, didn't you? Nobody will get out of this barricade now. Do you remember the day I came into your room? I met you on the boulevard. How the birds did sing! Do you remember, Monsieur Marius? O, I am happy! We are all going to die. Oh! it is coming back! I am stifling. Listen; I don't want to deceive you. I have a letter in my pocket for you since yesterday. I was told to put it in the post. I have kept it — I didn't want it to reach you. Take your letter. [MAR. takes letter.] Now, for my pains, promise me —

*Mar.* What?

*Epo.* Promise me —

*Mar.* I promise you.

*Epo.* Promise to kiss me on the forehead when I am dead. I shall feel it. [Her head falls back.] And then, do you know, Monsieur Marius, I was a little in love with you. [Dies. MAR. kisses her forehead.]

*Mar.* [Rising.] The letter. [Reads.] "My beloved: Alas! my father wishes to start immediately. We shall be to-night in the Rue de l'Homme Arme, No. 7. In a week we shall be in England: Cosette. June 4th." [Kisses letter. Tears leave from pocket-book, and writes.] "Our marriage was impossible. I have asked my grandfather; he has refused. I am without fortune, and you, also. I ran to your house, and did not find you. You know the promise that I gave you. I keep it — I die. I love you. When you read this my soul will be near you, and will smile upon you." [Addresses letter.] Will you do something for me?

*Gav.* Anything.

*Mar.* Take this letter where directed.

*Gav.* Ah, well! but in that time they will take the barricade, and I sha'n't be here.

*Mar.* The barricade will not be attacked for some hours.

*Gav.* Well, it is not far, and I shall get back in time. [Exit R.]

*Mar.* [Writing.] "My name is Marius Pontmercy. Carry my corpse to my grandfather's, Monsieur Gillenormand, Rue des Filles du Calvaire, No. 6, in the Marais." [Places in pocket.]

[Enter ENJ. and INSURGENTS, L.]

*Enj.* We must not all stay.

*Insurg.* Long live death! Let us all stay.

*Enj.* Why all?

*Insurg.* All! All!

*Enj.* Why sacrifice all?

*Insurg.* Because nobody wants to go away. Besides, to go away is easily said, but the barricade is hemmed in.

*Enj.* [Showing four uniforms of National Guard.] With these uniforms you can mingle with the ranks and escape. Here are enough for four. There are some of you who have families — mothers, sisters, wives, children. Let them leave.

*Mar.* Married men, and supporters of families, come forward.

*Enj.* I order it.

*Mar.* I beseech you. [Five step forward.] There are five.

*Insurg.* One must stay. Monsieur Marius, decide, yourself, which. [Enter JEAN R, and throws down hat and coat of National Guard.]

*Enj.* Who is this man?

*Mar.* I know him.

*Enj.* Citizen, you are welcome. You know that we are going to die. [Exit the five INSURGENTS, with uniforms, R. Distant firing. To JAV.] Do you need anything?

*Jav.* When shall you kill me?

*Enj.* Wait; we need all our cartridges at present. [Charge from without.] Fire! [All fire excepting JEAN. Soldiers retreat. Cannon fires. Enter GAV. L, tumbling over barricade.]

*Gav.* Present!

*Mar.* What did you come here for?

*Gav.* Hold on — what did you come for?

*Mar.* Who told you to come back?

*Gav.* I carried the letter to the house, where I met an old man with white hair, who took it. He said he would give it to Mamselle. He must have been the porter.

*Enj.* Heads down, and keep close to the wall. We must charge. When the drum beats, rush for the barricade. [Lays pistol near JAV.] I won't forget you. The last man to leave will blow out the spy's brains.

*Jean.* You are the commander?

*Enj.* Yes.

*Jean.* I ask a favor.

*Enj.* What?

*Jean.* To blow out that man's brains myself.

*Jav.* That is appropriate.

*Enj.* No objection; take the spy.

*Mar.* Come on.

*Enj.* All outside.

*Jav.* Farewell till immediately. [Drums; firing. Exeunt L, charging, excepting JEAN and JAV.]

*Jean.* [With pistol.] Javert, it is I.

*Jav.* Take your revenge. [JEAN draws knife.] You are right; that suits you better.

*Jean.* [Cutting ropes.] You are free. [Fires into the air.] I don't expect to leave this place. Still, if by chance I should, I

live under the name of Fauchelevent, in the Rue de l'Homme Arme, No. 7.

Jav. Take care.

Jean. Go!

Jav. You said Fauchelevent, Rue de l'Homme Arme?

Jean. No. 7. [Firing outside L.]

Jav. No. 7? [Starts R, and turns.] You annoy me. Kill me, rather.

Jean. Go away. [Exit JAV. R, slowly. Enter MAR. L, staggering.]

Mar. Oh! my shoulder; it is broken. [Faints.]

Jean. But where is the man who wrote to Cosette the letter I intercepted in the hands of the boy? He wrote he was going away freely, and of his own accord. No doubt he is now dead, for but few have escaped from the barricade. If not dead, he will be captured and executed for the part he has taken. Dead, or to die, I have only to let things take their course. [Discovers MAR.] Who is this? He is severely wounded, and I fear will die. What shall I do? A bird alone could extract himself from this place. And this wounded man? [Looks about.] O, the sewer—that is it. [Raises MAR. Exeunt down trap.]

SCENE II.—*Bank of Seine, 2 G. Arched mouth of sewer, with grating, C. Enter THEN. R; looks back; opens grating with key. Exit C into sewer. Enter JAV. R; looks about and shakes grating.*

Jav. This is fine—a government key. Well! well! well! The mouse is in his hole; the cat must watch. [Exit L.]

[JEAN, covered with dirt, appears inside grating with MAR. in his arms. Shakes grating. THEN. steps behind him.]

Then. Go halves? How are you going to manage to get out? Impossible to pick the lock; still you must get away from here.

Jean. That is true.

Then. Well, go halves.

Jean. What do you mean?

Then. You have killed the man; very well. For my part, I have the key. You must be a friend. If I open the door, will you give me half?

Jean. Yes. [THEN. unlocks grating. Both come forward. JEAN lays MAR. on stage.]

Then. Here, I'll give you this rope to boot.

Jean. A rope—for what?

Then. You want a stone, too.

Jean. A stone—what for?

*Then.* Fool, as you are going to throw the body into the river, you want a rope and stone. How much money did you get from him? [JEAN hands a few coins.] You didn't kill him very dear. [THEN. stoops and examines MAR.'s pockets. Cuts a piece from his coat.] This is killing people too cheap. [Exit through grating, which he locks. Enter JAV. L.]

Jav. Who are you?

Jean. I.

Jav. What! You!

Jean. Jean Valjean. Inspector Javert, you have got me. Besides, since this morning I have considered myself your prisoner. Take me — only grant me one thing.

Jav. What are you doing here, and who is this man?

Jean. It is precisely of him I wish to speak. Dispose of me as you please, but first carry him home — I only ask that of you. This man was in the barricade. They call him Marius. He is wounded.

Jav. He is dead!

Jean. No, not yet.

Jav. You have brought him, then, from the barricade here?

Jean. Here is his address, which was in his pocket. [JAV. whistles. Enter two GENS. L.]

Jav. Take this man in a carriage. Here is his address. [Exit GENS. L, with MAR.] Come. [Exeunt L.]

SCENE III.—*Rue de l'Homme. JEAN's house, 1 G. Enter JEAN and JAV. L, and go to door.*

Jav. This, then, is your house?

Jean. Yes.

Jav. Very well. Go up, and I will wait for you here. [Exit JEAN at door.] I see before me two roads, both equally straight — I have before known but one straight line. One excludes the other — which is the true one? To owe my life to a malefactor; to accept that debt, and to pay it; to be, in spite of myself, on a level with a fugitive from justice! To allow him to say, "Go away," and to say to him in return, "Be free!" Give up Jean Valjean? That is wrong. Leave Jean Valjean free? That is wrong. In both cases, dishonor to me. A galley-slave sacred! a convict not to be taken by justice! and that by my act? This is terrible. What is this terrible thing penetrating my soul? Admiration for a convict! respect for a galley-slave! Can that be possible? A beneficent malefactor, a compassionate convict! Kind, helpful, clement; returning good for evil; returning pardon for hatred; loving pity rather than vengeance; preferring to destroy himself rather than destroy his enemy; saving him who has stricken him; kneeling upon the height of virtue, nearer the angels than men? I must acknowledge that this monster exists. Yes, a convict is my benefactor. O! how base; I am a

horror to myself. This is not endurable. I cannot live thus. [Takes out paper and writes.] "I beg Monsieur, the prefect, to glance at this. There should be, on important occasions, two officers at least, who do not lose sight of each other; so that, if, for any cause whatever, one officer becomes weak in the service, the other watches him, and supplies his place. Javert, inspector of the first class." [Exit, hastily, L. Enter JEAN at door.]

Jean. [Looking.] He has gone. [Exit at door.]

SCENE IV.—Room at GRANDFATHER GILLENORMAND'S, 2 G.  
MAR., GILL, and MAD. G. discovered; MAR. in chair.

Mar. Father.

Gill. What?

Mar. I will see Cosette to-day. Just think, I am almost well.

Gill. Yes. [Enter SERVANT L.]

Ser. Monsieur Fauchelevent and the young lady.

Mar. Show them in at once.

Gill. Yes, quick about it. [Exit SERVANT. Enter JEAN and Cos. L. JEAN has a package like a book under his arm. Shakes hands with all. MAR. and Cos. kiss.]

Gill. [Blowing nose and looking at Cos.] Adorable. [JEAN and Cos. talk to MAR.]

Mad. G. Does this gentleman always have books under his arm like that?

Gill. Well, he is a scholar. Monsieur Fauchelevent, I have the honor of asking of you, for my grandson, Monsieur the Baron Marius Pontmercy, the hand of Mademoiselle. [JEAN bows.] It is done; you have permission to adore each other.

Cos. [To MAR.] It is horrible to have gone to fight in the battle. How naughty it was of you. What had I done to you? I pardon you; but you won't do it again. Your shoulder, that was terrible.

Mar. Angel.

Gill. Why don't you talk aloud, the rest of you? Make a noise, somebody. Come, a little uproar—the devil!—so that these children can chatter at their ease. Make love; don't be disturbed. Behold the happiness of others. How pretty she is. You are going to have her all alone to yourself, you rascal. She is exquisite, the darling; she was born a marchioness. Love one another, and be foolish about it. Only—what a misfortune—more than half of what I have is an annuity as long as I live; but after my death—twenty years from now—my poor children, you won't have a sou.

Jean. Mademoiselle Euphrasie Fauchelevent has six hundred thousand francs.

Gill. How is Mademoiselle Euphrasie in question?

*Cos.* That is me. [JEAN opens package and shows money.]

*Gill.* That is good luck. This devil of a Marius has found you a grisette millionaire on the tree of dreams. Then trust the love-making of young folks now-a-days. Students find studentesses with six hundred thousand francs.

*Cos.* My Marius is troubled because he cannot find two men.

*Gill.* Who are they?

*Mar.* I owe gratitude on several sides — some on my father's account, and some on my own.

*Gill.* What do you mean?

*Mar.* His name is Thenardier. He may be a scoundrel, but he saved my father's life. He is a bandit to every one but me. And, just think, I was picked up by the police officer, on the bank of the Seine. Somebody had carried me from the quartier of the markets to the Champs Elysses — and how? By the sewer. Unparalleled devotion.

*Gill.* Somebody — who?

*Mar.* That is the man I want. Think what this man did, and he could expect no recompense. What was I? an insurgent. Who was I? a vanquished man. O! if Cosette's six hundred thousand francs were mine.

*Jean.* They are yours.

*Mar.* Well, I would give them to find this man.

*Gill.* This is not love. Come, we must arrange the time for the marriage, and it musn't be many hours off. Let us go out on the veranda. Here, you. [Enter SERVANTS R.] Take out the chairs. Love is the thing now. [Exeunt R. SERVANTS take chairs.]

SCENE V.—JEAN's apartment, 4 G. Bed, table, and chairs.

JEAN discovered, with left arm in a sling. Valise on bed, and JEAN looking over black suit Cos. wore in Act II.

*Jean.* Cosette has Marius. Marius possesses Cosette. They have everything, even riches. Should I impose myself upon this happiness? Should I treat it as belonging to me? Cosette is another's. Should I introduce myself quietly into Cosette's house as having a right, and take my seat veiled at their luminous hearth, and take the hands of those two innocent beings into my two tragic hands? Should I place upon the peaceful and-irons of the Gillenormand parlor my feet, which drag after them the infamous shadow of the law? Cosette is the raft of this shipwreck. What am I to do — cling on or let go my hold? Cosette is no longer mine; she is another's. [Enter MAR. R.]

*Mar.* Father, how glad I am to see you — if you knew how we missed you at our marriage. How is your hand — better, is it not? We have both talked much about you; Cosette loves you so much. O, you will have a bone to pick with Cosette — she intends to lead us all by the nose; I warn you. You have seen

your room; it is close to ours; it looks upon the garden. Come, now; you breakfast with us to-day.

*Jean.* Monsieur, I have one thing to tell you. I am an old convict. [Unties his arm.] There is nothing the matter with my hand; there has never been anything the matter with it. It was best that I should be absent from your marriage.

*Mar.* What does this mean?

*Jean.* It means that I have been in the galleys.

*Mar.* You drive me mad.

*Jean.* Monsieur Pontmercy, I was nineteen years in the galleys, for robbery. For a second offense, at this hour I am in breach of ban.

*Mar.* Tell all! tell all! You are Cosette's father?

*Jean.* You will believe me. *I* Cosette's father? before God, no! Monsieur Baron Pontmercy, I am a peasant, and earned my living by pruning trees. My name is not Fauchelevent; my name is Jean Valjean. I am nothing to Cosette. Compose yourself.

*Mar.* Who proves it to me?

*Jean.* I, since I say so.

*Mar.* I believe you. But why do you tell me all this? From what motive?

*Jean.* From what motive, indeed, does this convict come and say, I am a convict? The motive is strong. It is from honor. Yes, my misfortune is a cord, which I have here in my heart, and which holds me fast. I have tried to break this cord. I have pulled upon it; it held firmly. I was tearing out my heart. Well, yes; I am a fool. You offer me a room in the house. We shall live together; eat in common. I will give my arm to Cosette — to Madame Pontmercy. We will live in one family. One family! No! I am of no family. I am not of yours. I am not of the family of men. As long as it was for her, I could lie; but now it would be for myself. This is why I confess all to you this morning. So I have taken my story and brought it to you. It was not an easy resolution to form. All night I have struggled with myself. Fauchelevent! To live, once I stole a loaf of bread; to-day, to live, I will not steal a name.

*Mar.* To live? You have no need of that name to live.

*Jean.* You have noticed my walk. I drag one leg a little. You understand why, now. Monsieur, picture to yourself: I remain Monsieur Fauchelevent. I have taken my place in your house. Suddenly you hear, Jean Valjean. You see that appalling hand, the police, spring out of the shadow and tear off my mask.

*Mar.* My grandfather has friends. I will procure your pardon.

*Jean.* Useless. They think me dead. That is enough. I

need no pardon, but of one—that is my conscience. [Enter Cos. R.]

Cos. I'll wager that you're talking politics. How stupid that is, instead of being with me.

Mar. Cosette!

Cos. I caught you in the very act. I just heard my father say, "Conscience."

Mar. You are mistaken, Cosette; we are talking business.

Cos. It is not all that. I am coming. Do you want me here? O, how happy I am! [Sitting in chair.] There, I am going to stay. I shall be very good.

Mar. We are talking business. It will tire you.

Cos. It will not tire me—no, because it is you.

Mar. My darling, impossible!

Cos. Impossible?

Mar. Yes.

Cos. I pray you, my darling Marius, let me stay here with you two.

Mar. We must be alone.

Cos. Well, am I anybody? Father, you are doing nothing, instead of taking my part. I want you to come and kiss me. You see I am unfortunate in my domestic affairs. Come, kiss me this instant. [JEAN goes to her.] Father, you are pale! does your arm hurt you?

Jean. It is well.

Cos. Have you slept badly?

Jean. No.

Cos. Are you sad?

Jean. No.

Cos. Kiss me. [JEAN kisses her forehead.] Now defend me against my husband.

Mar. Cosette!

Cos. Get angry, father; tell him I must stay.

Mar. I love you.

Cos. I adore you. [Rushes to his arms.] Now I shall stay.

Mar. What? No, we have something to finish.

Cos. I am very angry. [Exit R.]

Mar. Poor Cosette—when she knows.

Jean. Cosette—O, yes, it is true you will have to tell this to Cosette. Stop, Monsieur! I beseech you, I entreat you, do not tell her. She doesn't know what it is. It would appall her. A convict! Why, you would have to explain to her—to tell her it is a man who has been in the galleys. [Sinks into chair.]

Mar. Be calm. I will keep your secret to myself alone.

Jean. It is nearly finished. There is one thing left.

Mar. What?

Jean. Now that you know, do you think, Monsieur—you are the master—that I ought to see Cosette again?

*Mar.* I think that would be best.

*Jean.* I shall not see her again. But, Monsieur, if you are willing, I will come and see her. I assure you that I desire it very much.

*Mar.* You will come every evening, and Cosette will expect you. [Goes R.]

*Jean.* You are kind, Monsieur. [Exit MAR. R. JEAN throws himself on bed.]

[Closed in.]

SCENE VI.—GILLENORMAND's hall, 2 G. Enter MAR. and COS. L.

*Cos.* Dear Marius, I have just thought of something.

*Mar.* What, my dear?

*Cos.* Monsieur Jean did not come yesterday, and the day before he staid only a few minutes.

*Mar.* Well?

*Cos.* Perhaps he will not come to-day.

[Enter SERVANT R.]

*Ser.* A letter for Monsieur. [Hands letter.]

*Mar.* Cosette, a man wishes to see me.

*Cos.* Yes, I understand. Don't let him keep you long. [Exit L.]

*Mar.* Show him in. [Exit SER. R.] What does this mean? [Reads.] "Monsieur Baron: If the Supreme Being had given me the talent for it, I should have been Baron Thenard. I am in possession of a secret concerning an individual. This individual concerns you. I hold the secret at your disposition. I will give you the simple means of driving from your honorable family this individual, who has no right in it, Madame the Baroness being of high birth. I attend, in the ante-chamber, the orders of Monsieur the Baron. With respect, Thenard." [Enter THEN. R, disguised.] What do you want?

*Then.* It seems impossible I have not already had the honor of seeing Monsieur the Baron in society. I really think that I met him privately, some years ago, at Madame the Princess Bagration's.

*Mar.* I don't know Madame Bagration. I have never set foot in her house.

*Then.* Then it must have been at Chateaubriand's that I have seen Monsieur.

*Mar.* I have never had the honor of receiving at Monsieur de Chateaubriand's. Come to the point. What is it you wish?

*Then.* Monsieur Baron, deign to listen to me. There is in America, in a region which is near Panama, a village where people go. Why? Because that country is wonderful — gold is

found there. I would like to go. The voyage is long and dear. I must have a little money.

*Mar.* How does this concern me?

*Then.* Then Monsieur the Baron has not read my letter?

*Mar.* Explain.

*Then.* Certainly, Monsieur Baron, I will explain. I have a secret to sell you.

*Mar.* A secret?

*Then.* A secret.

*Mar.* Which concerns me?

*Then.* Somewhat.

*Mar.* What is this secret?

*Then.* I commence gratis. You will see that I am interesting.

*Mar.* Go on.

*Then.* Monsieur Baron, you have in your house a robber — an assassin.

*Mar.* In my house? No!

*Then.* Assassin and robber. Observe, Monsieur Baron, that I do not speak here of acts old, by-gone, and withered. I speak of recent acts, present acts — acts yet unknown to justice. I will proceed. This man has glided into your confidence, and almost into your family, under a false name. I am going to tell you his true name, and to tell it to you for nothing.

*Mar.* I am listening.

*Then.* His name is Jean Valjean.

*Mar.* I know it.

*Then.* You know it, since I had the honor of telling you.

*Mar.* No, I knew it before.

*Then.* I don't permit myself to contradict Monsieur the Baron. Now, what I have to acquaint you with is known to myself alone. It concerns the future of Madame the Baroness. It is an extraordinary secret. It is for sale. I offer it to you first. Cheap — twenty thousand francs.

*Mar.* I know that secret as well as the other.

*Then.* Monsieur Baron, say ten thousand francs, and I will go on.

*Mar.* I repeat, that you have nothing to acquaint me with. I know what you wish to tell me.

*Then.* Since I must dine to-day — it is an extraordinary secret, I tell you, Monsieur Baron — I am going to speak. I will speak. Give me twenty francs.

*Mar.* I know your extraordinary secret, as I know Jean Valjean's name; just as I know your name.

*Then.* My name!

*Mar.* Yes.

*Then.* That is not difficult, Monsieur Baron. I have had the honor of writing it to you, and telling it to you — Thenard.

*Mar.* Dier.

*Then.* Eh!

*Mar.* Thenardier.

*Then.* Who is that?

*Mar.* You are also the workingman, Jondrette; the comedian, Fabantou; the poet, Genfot; the Spaniard, Don Alvares, and the woman, Balizard.

*Then.* The woman what?

*Mar.* And you have kept a chop-house at Montfermeil.

*Then.* A chop-house? Never!

*Mar.* And I tell you that you are Thenardier.

*Then.* I deny it.

*Mar.* And that you are a scoundrel. Here! [*Thrusters bank-notes in his face.*]

*Then.* Thanks! Pardon! Five hundred francs, Monsieur Baron! Well, so be it. Let us make ourselves comfortable. [*Removes disguise.*] Monsieur the Baron is infallible. I am Thenardier.

*Mar.* Thenardier, I have told you your name. Now, your secret, that you are come to make known to me—do you want me to tell you that? I, too, have my means of information. You will see that I know more about it than you do. Jean Valjean, as you have said, is an assassin and a robber. A robber, because he robbed a rich manufacturer—Monsieur Madeleine. An assassin, because he assassinated the police officer, Javert.

*Then.* I don't understand Monsieur Baron.

*Mar.* I will make myself understood. There was, in 1822, a man who had some difficulty with justice, and who, under the name of Madeleine, had reformed and reestablished himself. He had become an upright man. He opened schools, visited the sick, and adopted orphans. A liberated convict knew the secret of a penalty once incurred by this man, and had him arrested, and took advantage of the arrest to come to Paris and draw from the banker Laffitte—I have the facts from the cashier himself—by means of a false signature, a sum of more than half a million, which belonged to Monsieur Madeleine. The convict who did this is Jean Valjean. As to the other act, you have just as little to tell me. Jean Valjean killed the officer, Javert; he killed him with a pistol.

*Then.* Monsieur Baron, you are on the wrong track.

*Mar.* What! do you deny that? These are facts.

*Then.* They are chimeras. I do not like to see people accused unjustly. Monsieur Baron, Jean Valjean never robbed Monsieur Madeleine, and Jean Valjean never killed Javert.

*Mar.* You speak strangely. How is that?

*Then.* For two reasons.

*Mar.* What are they? Tell me.

*Then.* The first is this: He did not rob Monsieur Made-

leine, since it is Jean Valjean himself who was Monsieur Madeleine.

*Mar.* What is that you are telling me?

*Then.* And the second is this: He did not assassinate Javert, since Javert himself killed Javert.

*Mar.* What do you mean?

*Then.* That Javert committed suicide.

*Mar.* Prove it! Prove it!

*Then.* The — police — of — ficer — Ja — vert — was — found — drowned — un — der — a boat — by — the — Pont — au — Change.

*Mar.* But prove it now.

*Then.* [Producing papers.] I have my documents. Monsieur Baron, in your interest I want to find out Jean Valjean to the bottom. I say that Jean Valjean and Monsieur Madeleine are the same man, and I say that Javert had no other assassin than Javert; and when I speak I have proofs — not manuscript proofs, but papers in print. [Unfolds papers.] Two facts, two proofs.

*Mar.* Copy of *Drapeau Blanc*, July 25, 1823. [Reading.] "An old convict named Jean Valjean has recently been brought before the Var Assize, under circumstances calculated to attract attention. This villain had succeeded in eluding the police by changing his name, and had even been appointed mayor in a small town on the north. He had established a considerable business, but was at length unmasked and arrested. This wretch, who is endowed with herculean strength, managed to escape, but three or four days afterwards the police retook him in Paris. In this interval of three or four days he withdrew a considerable sum deposited by him with one of our bankers — six or seven hundred thousand francs — which he has concealed in some place known to himself alone. The criminal made no defense, and, being found guilty of robbery, was sentenced to death; but the sentence was commuted to hard labor for life. He has been sent to the galleys at Toulon." The *Moniteur* of June 15, 1832. "The police officer Javert was found drowned under a boat by the Pont au Change. It appears, from a report made by Javert to a prefect, that, taken prisoner in the barricade, he had owed his life to the magnanimity of an insurgent, who, though he had him at the muzzle of a pistol, instead of blowing out his brains had fired into the air." True! true! this unhappy man is a wonderful man. All that fortune was really his own. He is Madeleine. He is Jean Valjean. He is a hero. He is a saint.

*Then.* He is not a saint, and he is not a hero. He is an assassin and a robber. Let us be calm.

*Mar.* Again?

*Then.* Still. Jean Valjean did not rob Madeleine, but he is a robber. He did not kill Javert, but he is a murderer.

*Mar.* Will you speak of that petty theft of forty years ago? *Then.* I said assassin and robber, Monsieur Baron. On June 6th a man was in the great sewer of Paris. [MAR. *very attentive.*] The man was compelled to conceal himself for reasons foreign to politics. He had taken the sewer for his dwelling, and had a key. The man heard a noise, and hid and watched. He saw a man walking with something on his back, and he walked bent over. The man who walked bent over was a convict, and what he was carrying was a corpse. An assassination. As for the robbery, it follows, of course. Nobody kills a man for nothing. He was going to throw the corpse into the river. He had come some distance, and had been compelled to pass through a horrible quagmire, in which, it would seem, he might have left the corpse. He preferred to go through the quagmire with his load, and his efforts must have been terrible. It is impossible to put one's life in greater peril. I do not understand how he came out of it alive. [MAR. *agitated.*] The convict said to the man: "You see what I have on my back. I must get out. You have the key; give it to me." The convict was a man of strength; there was no refusing him. While they were talking, the man tore off a piece of the assassinated man's coat — a piece of evidence which he put in his pocket. You understand now. He who was carrying the corpse was Jean Valjean, and he who had the key is now speaking to you; and the piece of coat — [MAR. *goes L., to closet.*] I have strong reason to believe the young man was an orphan, and had an enormous sum of money.

*Mar.* [With a coat.] The young man was myself, and there is the coat. [Lays coat on floor, and fits piece taken from THEN. Springs up, and pushes money in THEN.'s face.] You are a wretch! You are a liar! a slanderer! a scoundrel! You came to accuse this man; you have justified him. You wanted to destroy him; you have succeeded only in glorifying him. You knave! you robber! leave this place! Waterloo protects you.

*Then.* Waterloo?

*Mar.* You assassin, you saved the life of a colonel there.

*Then.* Of a general.

*Mar.* Of a colonel. I would not give a farthing for a general. Get out of my sight, monster! Go to America! Get hung elsewhere!

*Then.* Monsieur Baron, eternal gratitude. [Exit R.]

*Mar.* Cosette! Cosette! come quick! Let us not lose a moment. [Exit L.]

SCENE VII.—JEAN'S room, as in Scene V. Candles lighted, in silver candle-sticks, on table C. JEAN in bed. DOCTOR seated near. Full plate on table, and pitcher.

Doc. Why, you did not eat anything, poor, dear man!

Jean. Yes, I have.

Doc. The plate is all full.

Jean. Look in the water-pitcher; that is empty.

Doc. That shows you have drank; it don't show that you have eaten.

Jean. Well, suppose I have only been hungry for water?

Doc. That is called thirst, and when people don't eat at the same time it is called fever.

Jean. I will eat to-morrow.

Doc. I will tell the porter to watch, and will call again soon. Keep quiet, and don't get up. [Exit R, shaking head.]

Jean. [Gets up, and leans on table.] I must get up. O, Cosette! I will see you no more! You now belong to another. O, desolation! desolation! I am wanted no more at the Baron's. I see it. They had an arm-chair for me to sit in when I was there. When last I went the chair was gone. I understand. I will go no more. [Falls in chair C. Knock.] Come in. [Enter MAR. and Cos. R. Cos. falls on JEAN's neck.]

Cos. Father.

Jean. Cosette! She? You, Madame? Is it you? O, my God! [MAR. on other side.]

Mar. Father.

Jean. And you, too! You forgive me? Thanks.

Cos. [Throws bonnet and shawl on bed.] They are in my way. [Sits on JEAN's knee.]

Jean. How foolish we are. I thought I should never see her again. Was not I silly? The angel comes, and I see my Cosette again—and I see my darling Cosette again. O, I was very miserable. I really need to see Cosette a little while from time to time. Still, I felt plainly that I was in the way. Monsieur Pontmercy, let me call her Cosette; it will not be very long.

Cos. How naughty to have left us in that way. Where have you been? Why were you away so long? O, the naughty father! he has been sick, and we did not know it. Here, Marius, feel his hand; how cold it is.

Jean. You forgive me, Monsieur Pontmercy?

Mar. Cosette, do you hear? This is the way with him. He begs my pardon, and do you know what he has done for me, Cosette? He has saved my life. He has done more; he has given you to me. And after this, what did he do for himself? He sacrificed himself. There is the man. And to me, the ungrateful; to me, the forgetful; to me, the pitiless; to me, the

guilty, he says, Thanks. That barricade! that sewer! He went through everything for me; for you, Cosette. He bore me through death, which he put aside for me, and which he accepted for himself. All courage, all virtue, all heroism—he was all, Cosette. That man is an angel.

*Jean.* Hush; hush. Why tell all that?

*Mar.* But you? Why have you not told it? It is your fault, too. You save people's lives, and you hide it from them.

*Jean.* I told you the truth.

*Mar.* No, the truth is the whole truth. You were Monsieur Madeleine; why not have said so? You saved Javert; why not have said so? I owe my life to you; why not have said so?

*Jean.* Because I thought as you did. I felt that you were right. It was necessary that I should go away. If you had known the affair of the sewer, you would have made me stay with you. I should then have had to keep silent. If I had spoken, it would have embarrassed all.

*Mar.* Embarrass what? Embarrass whom? Do you suppose you are going to stay here? We are going to carry you back. You are a part of us. Do not imagine you will be here to-morrow.

*Jean.* To-morrow I shall not be here, but I shall not be at your house.

*Mar.* What do you mean? You belong to us. We will not let you go.

*Cos.* This time it is for good. We have a carriage below. I am going to carry you off, and, if necessary, I shall use force. You are coming with us. How glad grandfather will be. How happy we will all be.

*Jean.* The proof that God is good is that she is here.

*Cos.* Father.

*Jean.* It is very true that it would be charming to live together. I would walk with Cosette. I would have her pick my roses. It would be charming, only— It is a pity.

*Cos.* [Springs up.] My God! Your hands are cold yet! Are you sick? Are you suffering?

*Jean.* No; I am very well. Only—

*Cos.* Only what?

*Jean.* I shall die in a few minutes.

*Mar.* Die!

*Jean.* Yes, but that is nothing. Cosette, you were speaking to me. Go on; speak again. Let me hear your voice.

*Cos.* Father, you are going to live. I will have you live. Do you hear?

*Jean.* O yes, forbid me to die. Who knows? I shall obey, perhaps.

*Mar.* You are full of strength and life. Do you think people die like that? We will take you back. Both of us will have but one thought hereafter — your happiness.

*Cos.* You see, Marius says you will not die. [Enter Doctor R.]

*Jean.* Doctor, here are my children.

*Mar.* Monsieur.

*Doc.* [Feels pulse. To Cos.] Ah! It was you he needed. [To Mar.] Too late!

*Jean.* It is nothing to die. It is frightful not to live.

*Cos.* Father, do not leave us. Is it possible that we have found you again only to lose you? [JEAN draws Cos. to him.]

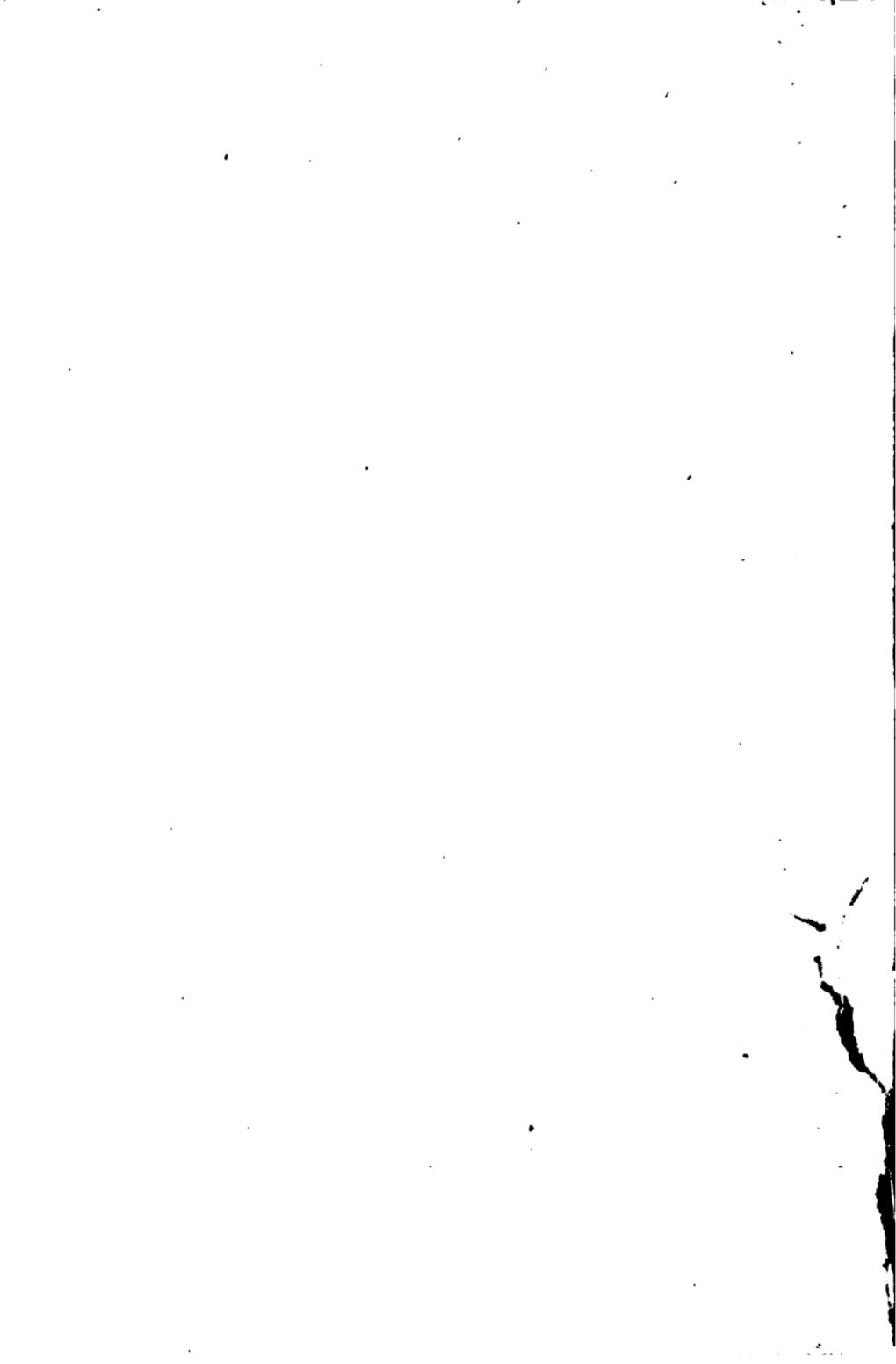
*Mar.* He is reviving, Doctor; he is reviving.

*Jean.* You are both kind. I will tell you what has given me pain, Monsieur Pontmercy. You have been unwilling to touch that money. That money really belongs to your wife. Have no fear. The six hundred thousand francs are really Cosette's. It came from the glass-work. We rivalled what is called Berlin jewelry. Indeed, the German black glass cannot compare with it.

*Doc.* Do you want a priest?

*Jean.* I have one. [Points up; raises, and looks at candles.] Come close; come close, both of you. I love you dearly. Oh! it is so good to die so! My children, I do not see very clearly now. Think of me a little. I do not know what is the matter with me; I see a light. Come near. [MAR. and COS. kneel on either side.] Let me put my hands upon your dear, beloved heads. The shadow of the law can follow me no further. [Places his hands on their heads. His hands fall, and he sinks back in the chair, and dies.]

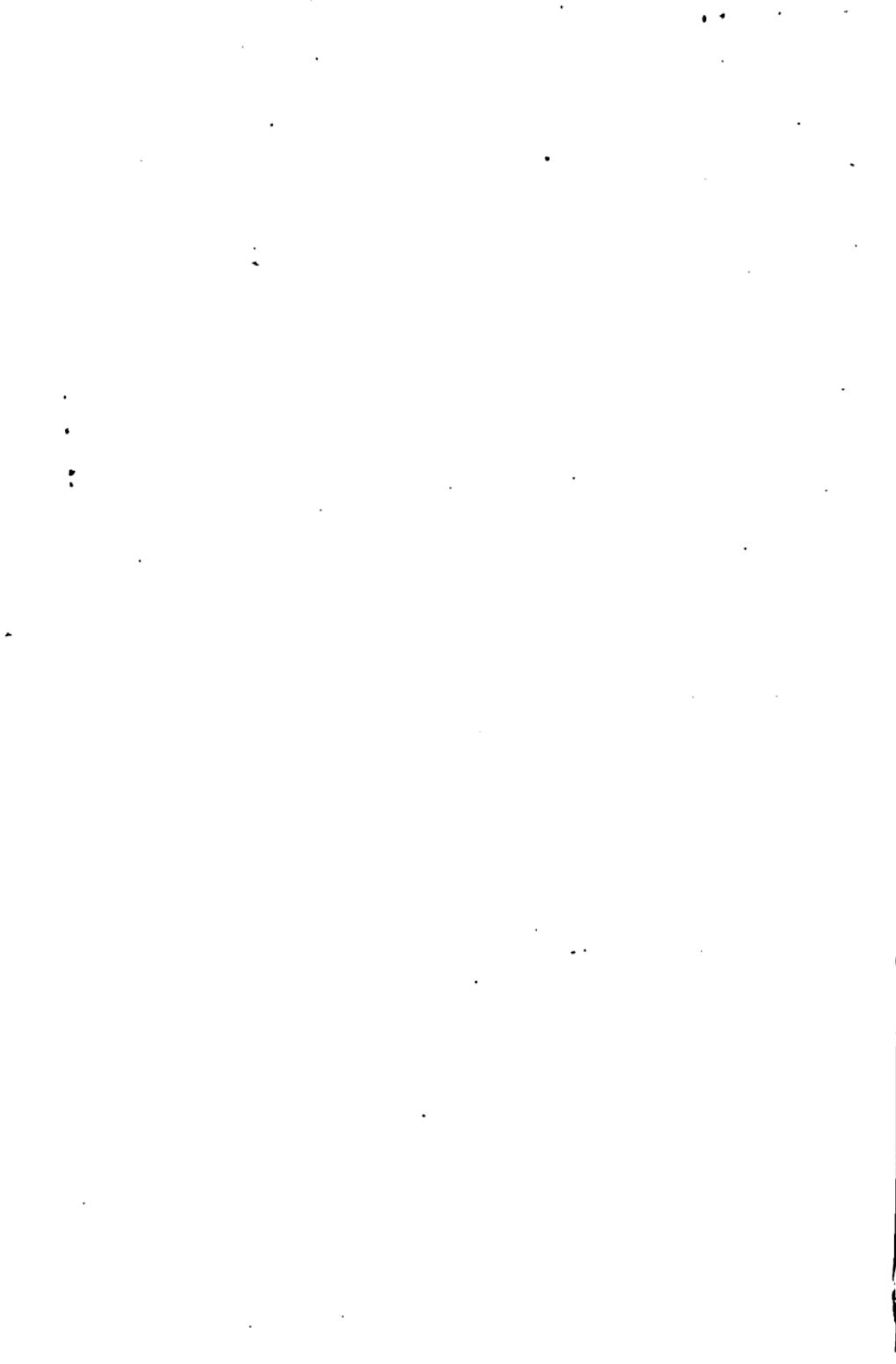
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